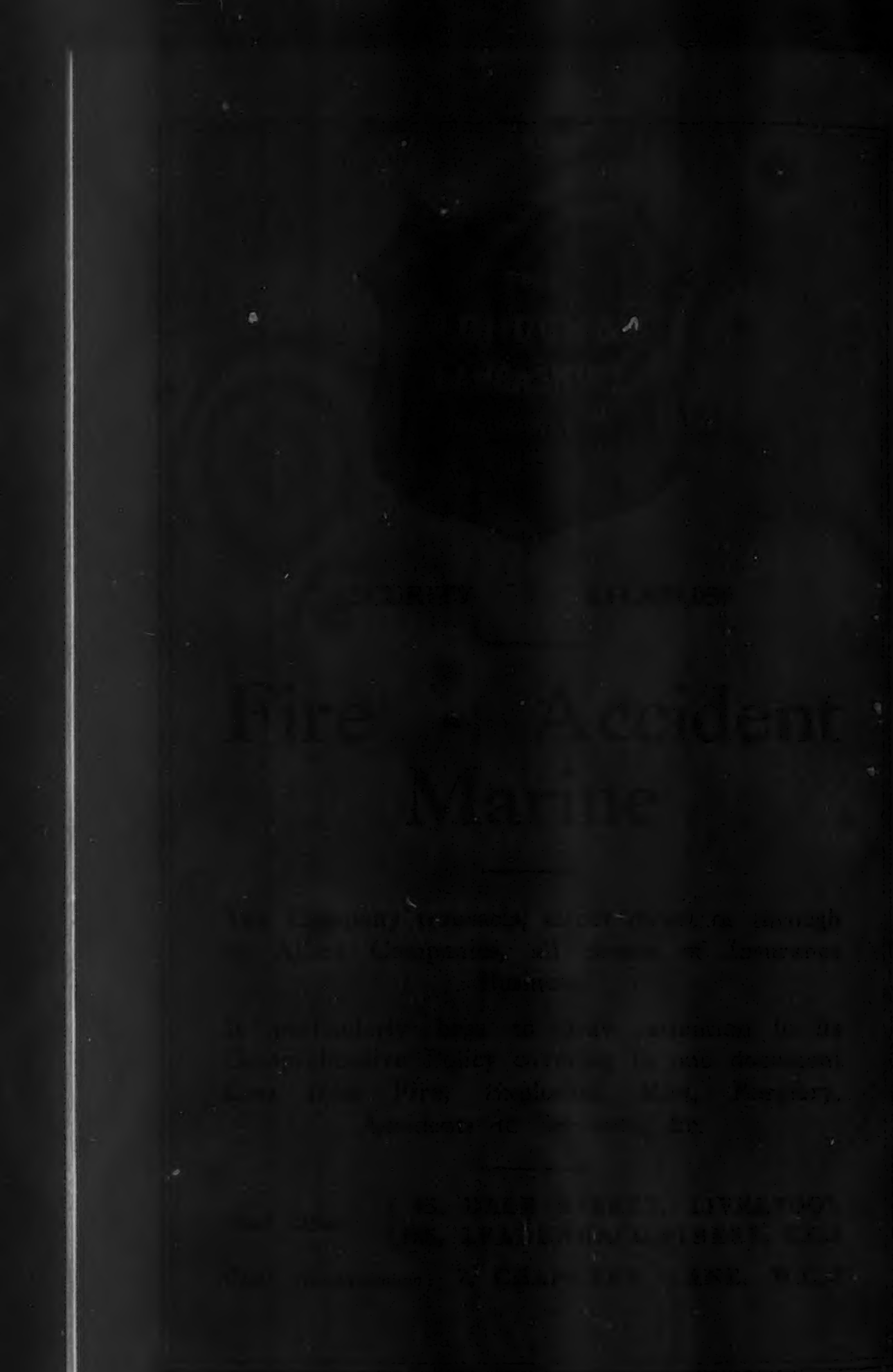

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Extract from a letter received June, 1926:—

"*My son has just left A——'s School, London, where he has been studying Spanish for about three years. He has been very studious and persevering, and, as you are aware, I bought for him last year your set of Records in Spanish. He used these persistently and assiduously as you instruct.*

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"*The Matriculation Examiner, who is a native of Spain, asked what School in Spain my son had attended (needless to say he has never been in Spain or any Spanish-speaking country at any time), and further in the report made to the school mentioned particularly and solely my son's name for quite unusual proficiency and* **remarkable acquisition of accent.**"

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THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

DECEMBER, 1926

Correspondence

Coal and Folly

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—"Peace in our time," said the Premier—an aspiration to which men and women of most shades of political opinion will give their approval and support. There are exceptions; idealists of curiously oblique vision preach discord, and mischievous buffoons pursue their fantastic course until the average man alternates between tears and derisive laughter.

Peace in industry is no less crying a need than peace between the nations; and to no class is it so vital as to the manual worker.

Nevertheless, we have the amazing spectacle of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and Mr. A. J. Cook applying methods to the country's undoing, and using terms which ten years ago were anathema to them both. In the dark war days, Mr. Macdonald's contemplated visit to the Continent had to be abandoned, and his plans for the country's further disservice temporarily postponed, because no British seaman would sail with him—a comment of some pungency on his defeatist activities at the time. Mr. Cook's contribution in the national emergency consisted of evading service, and stirring up strife which prolonged the war, and sowed the seeds of the present dissension. Yet men with such a record, remembered by thousands who helped rather than hindered, have the audacity to-day to use warlike terms which they should be ashamed to utter. Mr. Macdonald says: "the war will go on," and Mr. Cook establishes his preposterous "general council of war."

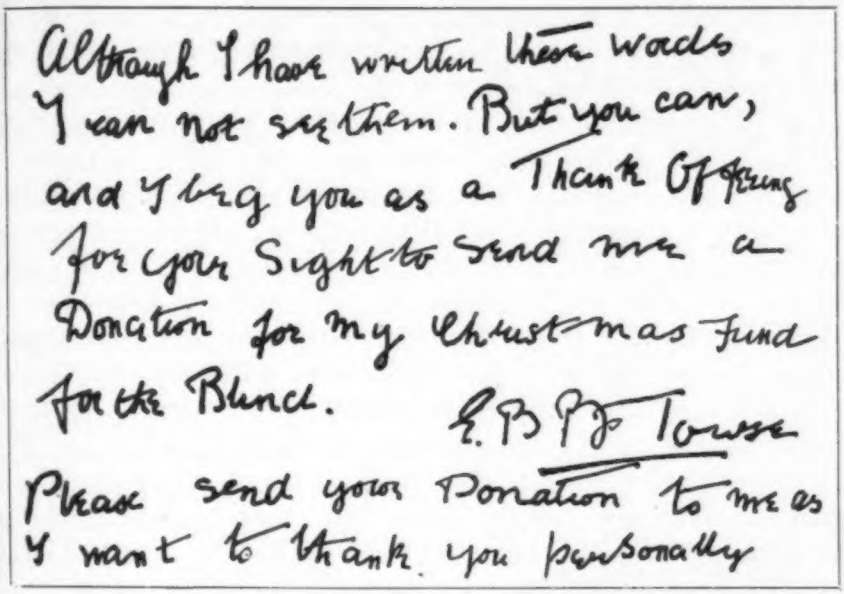
What is to be the result of this fresh activity? A travelling circus, headed by its proprietor in cap and bells, may be vastly entertaining, but the clown's cudgel is mischievously weighted. One thing is certain now, as then: the consequences will fall upon others. Even as Mr. Cook, when he had the chance of his life of being useful, cried: "Take my brother, take my mother, but for God's sake don't take me," so, at this present moment, and in the weeks to come, if his "campaign" met with any temporary success, it would be the miners and other

URGENT!

A Christmas Message from Captain E. B. B. Towse, V.C., C.B.E.

Chairman of the National Institute for the Blind

(Registered under the Blind Persons Act, 1920)


Although I have written these words
I can not see them. But you can,
and I beg you as a Thank Offering
for your Sight to send me a
Donation for my Christmas Fund
for the Blind.
E B B Towse
Please send your Donation to me as
I want to thank you personally

Address: CAPTAIN E. B. B. TOWSE, V.C., C.B.E.
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THE PATRIOT

Thursday | THREEPENCE | WEEKLY

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workers, and their respective families, who must suffer, until at last a peace of exhaustion came, in which no "indemnity" could be extracted from anyone.

What is it for? What is the object to be attained by prolonging a struggle which ought not to have been begun? If those who have started work, hopeless of any outcome of their Federation's meandering futility, were to be brought out of the mines, what are they to do? Stand at the street corners, till their pockets are worn out by restless fidgeting fingers, rather than by the coins that might be there? Mr. Cook's hat never contained any white rabbit, and there isn't one there now. Does he hope still for a further subsidy? His own actions have made that impossible. Are foreign miners to help? They are working overtime to secure our markets. A levy upon other unions? The Margate Conference revealed the barrenness of the cupboard. An embargo? There was never any hope from the beginning.

Any leader with the slightest grasp of the situation, and any real concern for the miners and the country's welfare, would realize the vital necessity of getting back to work at once. The longer the individual miner remains out, the less chance he has of reinstatement—already many thousands have lost that chance. Withdrawal of safety men, if it ever happened, would permanently remove all chance of a livelihood for the majority of the miners; and it is fortunate, indeed, that most of such men stand securely outside the jurisdiction of the Miners' Federation.

Cook's frenzied efforts can achieve no permanent result, save aggravation of the disasters he has inflicted already upon his unfortunate dupes and upon the nation. It is time he was restrained, in whichever of His Majesty's institutions may be best fitted to his case.

Yours, etc.,

"A Young Conservative."

Wireless and Gramophone

To the Editor of The English Review.

Sir,—The defence of wireless in your October number is timely. Instruments differ widely in the results they offer, as I know from experience, but I have heard some excellent performances of programmes which, on the whole, cater well for the most varied tastes. It is to be hoped that now, when music has been brought to many in their own homes, the English people may recover that sense of rhythm which, to judge from some admired examples of modern prose, has insensibly disappeared from those who feel impelled to write. Many adults enjoy the much criticized Children's Hour, and to me the

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voices of the various B.B.C. entertainers—none of whom I know personally—are a credit to English elocution and the choice of the authorities. Let us hope that the new commissioners will not be new brooms, anxious to change everything, and will be wise enough not to put popular demands before everything. The art of the cinema began as a business: we know the results.

May I take this opportunity of putting in a word for the gramophone which, long familiar, has made great advances of late? It is now possible to collect quite a library of music to be put on the whirling disk, and that music includes some of the world's greatest masterpieces played by the best hands. The gramophone can give you one of the Last Quartets of Beethoven—a thing not to be heard in the concert-room from one season to another. A reader of average ability and memory for music, with the aid of one of the scores printed in little books, can follow the "linked sweetness long drawn out," and see where the reproduction has failed to bring out a point, or has slurred an essential harmony.

Horace, in his "Ars Poetica," which retains much of its wisdom to-day, has told us:

> Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
> Quam quae sunt oculis commissa fidelibus.

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ADELPHI TERRACE
LONDON·W·C.

'The most pleasant hours of my life are spent under the gentle influence of that soothing tobacco— "Capstan" Navy Cut.'

G.T.12.W.

any sort is, in fact, something of an art, which has to be learnt, and may not be so easy as it seems at first, just as people unused to the telephone make a muddle of what they should hear distinctly.

The gramophone has extended its music wonderfully; and, for my own part, I see in an extension of alternative programmes by the B.B.C. a solution of the difficulty of satisfying all tastes; but this may be best done by avoiding labels. The concerts should be simply offered without comment on their character. The public can decide which it wants, and silly talk of "high-brows" and "low-brows" should be discouraged. It is probable that all of us at some time or another cover both definitions. I have no particular hopes of wireless at present as an educational force, except as a stimulus to further and more solid work. It may resemble those abstracts of everything, from Shakespeare to science, which Mr. Leacock has happily chaffed in his latest book of humour.

Royal Societies Club. B. A.

Important Announcement

BEGINNING with the issue of December 11 the literary pages of the 'Saturday Review' will be permanently increased. The space devoted to Books and Authors will be *doubled.*

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
DECEMBER, 1926

Current Comments

The King's New Title

IF the proposal of the Imperial Conference for the alteration of the King's title is adopted in its present form, His Majesty will reign, by the grace of God, as King of "Great Britain, Ireland, and the British Dominions beyond the seas." The phrase "United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland," which does not accurately represent the facts, would disappear, and the peculiar position of the Irish Free State would thus be recognized. It is no less important that an injustice should not be done to the loyal sentiments of Northern Ireland, and the Prime Minister, Sir James Craig, has come to London to discuss a proposal which causes Ulstermen some misgivings. There would be no gain in adopting another inaccuracy. It is difficult to see how anything less than "Great Britain, Northern Ireland, the Irish Free State, and the Dominions beyond the seas" can satisfy Ulster.

The Empire of To-day

THE Conference has shown, as Mr. Bruce, the Prime Minister of Australia, points out in our leading article this month, the immense importance of personal contact, and how under its influence the forebodings which preceded the Conference were belied by the event. It was hoped that the work of the Conference might cement the fabric of the Empire; actually, it is not too much to say, it has reinforced its foundations. The report on inter-Imperial relations does, as Mr. Bruce claims, clear up the political situation in the Empire to a very large extent. Moreover, as he points out, it does not constitute a new conception of inter-Imperial relations. It merely defines a position which already exists, at a moment when it would be unwise to ignore it any longer. But this definition will give satisfaction where suspicion existed before and, in Mr. Bruce's words, "strengthen the bonds of common interest and common sentiment." Yet another treacherous patch in the path of Imperial progress has been bridged.

General Hertzog paid, perhaps, the most striking tribute to the spirit which has marked the Conference

just ended: "I leave fully satisfied that whatever I wanted to attain has been attained, and with the full co-operation and sympathy of all."

Setting aside the idea of a written Imperial Constitution, the report defines the position and mutual relations of Great Britain and the Dominions in a way which must satisfy the most sceptical Nationalist. They are, it says, "autonomous communities within the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another . . . united by a common allegiance to the Crown . . . freely associated. . . ." The function of the Governors-General in the Dominions, it is laid down, is to represent his Majesty, and not the British Government. Government must correspond directly with Government, and not through the Governor-General as heretofore. The undeniable right of the Dominions to advise the Crown in all matters relating to their own affairs is recognized, and it is agreed that "it would not be in accord with constitutional practice for advice to be tendered to his Majesty by the Government in Great Britain in any matter concerning a Dominion against the advice of the Government of that Dominion." Treaties are to be made in the name of the King, and the various units of the Empire, if they adhere, will sign separately. This system, indeed, is to all intents and purposes already in practice. The report "takes note" of the appointment of Canadian and Irish Free State Ministers to Washington. The introduction of separate diplomacy is a measure at which many people will look askance, just as they watched with uneasiness the formation of separate Dominion navies. The young navies, however, have proved to be additional links in the bonds of Empire, and it is not too much to hope that the Diplomatic Services of the Dominions, as and when they expand, will show the same tendency.

Personal Contact

It is no doubt due to the happy experience of the present Conference that the report so strongly urges the need for a system of personal contact both in London and in the Dominions. The lead given by Australia in appointing a personal representative of the Prime Minister in London may now be followed, or the Dominions may prefer to receive at their capitals the political representatives of the British Government of the day. The report concludes with a unanimous resolution of the committee congratulating

the British Government upon the conclusion of the Locarno agreements. This resolution may, perhaps, be regarded as taking the place of ratification, since the report in one of its sections says: "Where by the nature of a treaty it is desirable that it should be ratified on behalf of all the Governments of the Empire, the initiating Government may assume that a Government which has had full opportunity of indicating its attitude and has made no adverse comment will concur in the ratification of the treaty."

The report leaves the impression that it is one of the greatest achievements of any Imperial Conference yet held. Its wording is at once clear and careful; it explores with courage and yet with caution questions bristling with difficulties. Its conclusions should effectively silence the cry of "Downing Street interference," which has been raised on so many distant platforms.

Of the statements made by British Ministers at the Conference, Mr. Amery's review of the position in the Empire outside the Dominions, and Sir Samuel Hoare's report on Imperial air communications make the greatest appeal to the imagination. The Air Minister drew a picture of great airship and aeroplane services which would reduce the journey from England to Canada to 2½ days, while India would be reached in 5, Cape Town in 6, Australia in 11, and New Zealand in 13. Already Mr. Mackenzie King, for Canada, has undertaken to see that mooring-masts for the airship service to Canada are put in hand without delay, and the other Prime Ministers have promised to give the matter their close attention. When the improvement of communications has made it possible for the Imperial Conference to meet every two years, or perhaps every year, a great step will have been taken towards solving the problem of co-operation over the great distances that separate the nations of the Empire.

The Government and Coal

DURING the month of November the inevitable end of the Coal Strike was again deferred by the itch for interference which has marked the policy of the Government at every stage of the struggle. For some obscure reason it has made it its aim to save the Miners' Federation Executive from destruction, and in pursuit of this misguided purpose has again and again brought upon itself contempt and

humiliation. On October 6, the Government's proposals for a settlement had been rejected by an almost unanimous vote of the Federation, and the latter had (as usual) been informed by the Prime Minister that his offer of an Arbitration Tribunal must accordingly be regarded as withdrawn. But (as usual), it was subsequently renewed, and again rejected by the Federation on November 19.

On October 6, in addition to its rejection of the Government's offer, the Federation had decided upon the withdrawal of all safety men, the prohibition of outcrop working, and pressure on the transport workers to prevent the import of coal. The comic-opera Napoleon of the Federation had opened his campaign in the Midland coalfields on October 10, and had established his Council of War near Nottingham. Within ten days this campaign had failed ignominiously, and on October 22 the Federation appealed to the Trade Union Congress for assistance in starving the nation into surrender. A few days later the Congress Executive had a private meeting with the Prime Minister and prepared the way for Messrs. Cook and Smith to administer another snub to the Government.

A delegate conference of the Trade Union Congress on November 4 turned down the proposals for an embargo on coal and a compulsory levy on trade unionists to supplement the Moscow money. The unions to which the majority of the safety men belong flatly refused to destroy the mines. The drift back to work went on steadily, the output of coal mounted from week to week, and there were signs of a tendency to break away from the domination of the Federation even in the districts which had hitherto been most determined. The end of the miserable dispute was again in sight, when again the Government, with gratuitous folly, began to meddle. On November 12, it submitted a fresh set of proposals to the Federation. These proposals were clearly intended to be nothing but eyewash, although they contained several foolish clauses which might have given rise to very great trouble in the future. In the following week the Federation recommended these proposals to the districts for acceptance, and the latter turned them down by a large majority. The Federation then (November 20) told the local associations to enter into district agreements with the owners. But these agreements were to be such that the Federation could continue to wreck the peace of the industry in the future as it has

done in the past. It is, of course, obvious that the owners will not make agreements on these terms, particularly as the events of the week ending November 20 show conclusively that the Federation has lost all control of the districts and is disregarded by every one except the Government.

The Owners Firm

THROUGH all these weeks the owners have said nothing, and are not likely to say anything so long as the Cabinet continues to give tea-parties at Downing Street in honour of the bitter enemies of the nation, and to make itself contemptible by its pitiful endeavours to save those enemies from their well-earned fate. The public may be assured that the coalowners will never, whatever the consequences may be, consent to any policy which will re-establish the tyranny of the Federation over the miners and the nation. They have quietly faced a storm of abuse and misrepresentation from almost every section of the Press and of the people on whose behalf they have been fighting. They have refused to give way to the Government though the latter has used every threat it could imagine to compel them to surrender the interests of their industry, of the miners, and of the nation, to the agents of our enemies abroad. It is now evident that their policy has justified itself and that a happier and more prosperous time is before the workers of Great Britain. Indeed, it seems that we have at last made a definite step backward from that morass into which the policy of successive Governments has been taking us. But the Conservative Government has done itself irreparable injury with its own supporters. It has shown itself ready to injure its friends in order to placate the enemies of the country. It is thus tainted with the same disease which made the Coalition Government a shame to the nation. If Mr. Baldwin does not keep a tighter hand upon at least two of his colleagues, there will soon be some plain speaking in the party.

The Growth of Bureaucracy

THE emergencies of war necessitated a number of measures of bureaucratic control which, although loyally accepted, clearly demonstrated its inefficiency compared with private enterprise. It was sanguinely supposed by Conservatives that when the emergency had passed, only Socialists would be found to advocate the further extension

of bureaucratic authority. That hope has been disappointed. A Conservative Government, after two years of office, cannot nerve itself to the task of abolishing the absurd and petty restrictions which still result in prosecutions for the sale of a box of matches, cigarettes or chocolates after eight o'clock. Petrified sandwiches are still kept on hand to serve as imaginary "meals" and legalize the otherwise criminal whisky-and-soda. Thus not only is the citizen subjected to petty annoyance, but authority is rendered ridiculous, and "crime" is manufactured in exactly the same way, although happily not in the same degree, as by prohibition in America. So far, all the statements on the subject by the Minister concerned, Sir William Joynson-Hicks, have been absurdly pompous excuses for not having done in two years what every one had a right to expect would have been done within six months.

Electricity

A MORE serious matter is the Government control of electricity production claimed by the Bill, which has now passed the Commons. The problem is so highly technical that it is safe to say not five per cent. of the general public, and doubtfully ten per cent. of the House of Commons, are capable of understanding it, without, at least, a degree of study they have certainly not given to it. The Bill has been carried through upon the report of a few theorists on the strength of unproved and unprovable assertions—promptly converted by the Press into catchwords such as "Electricity for Everybody." It is assumed that by a vast expenditure of money raised on the national guarantee everything, from sewing-machines to ploughs, will soon be run electrically and a new era of industrial prosperity will follow. There has certainly been a boom in the shares of cable-makers and power-plant manufacturers, and they alone are likely to benefit from the expenditure of the nationally-guaranteed millions. Another great and highly paid department of bureaucracy has been created at the expense of the consumer. As it will naturally have the power to regulate charges, the consumer will just have to pay, and the precise proportion of the rates levied upon him which represents the inefficiency and waste resulting from bureaucratic control and extravagant outlay will never be revealed. The only trustworthy expert opinion in the country, that of the heads of the

electric power industry, has unanimously condemned the Government Bill. In May last we published a vigorous protest against it by Mr. W. B. Woodhouse, engineer and managing director of the Yorkshire Electric Power Company. The Government, nevertheless, having embarked upon a spectacular and "popular" measure of near-Socialism and having behind it the majority of the uninformed Press with a cry of "cheap electricity," overbore the small band of experts and have committed the country to a vast adventure in bureaucracy. The progress of the Bill through the House of Commons provided an unedifying example of the methods of politicians under the democratic system. The handful of opponents, whose knowledge and experience qualified them almost alone to comprehend a problem of extreme complexity, were bullied and talked down by Ministers and leader-writers with as little knowledge of the subject as a kitchenmaid's of relativity or the differential calculus. But the country will be invited to believe that a great measure of industrial and economic reform has been achieved. It is significant that the Socialists have already claimed it as a substantial step toward nationalization of public services.

Broadcasting

WHATEVER may be the results of Government meddling with broadcasting, they cannot be so detrimental to industry as the control of electricity. But the decision to take out of the hands of private enterprise the development of a new science of almost unimaginable possibilities, still only in its initial stage, instead of merely reserving such rights of surveillance and regulation as would be obviously desirable in the public interest, together with the power of pre-emption in times of national emergency, is another proof that a Conservative Government is as ready as any to extend the power and the scope of bureaucracy. The problems of technical evolution of broadcasting, great as they must be, promise to be even exceeded by the difficulties æsthetic, financial, and otherwise of providing such a balanced and judicious blend of entertainment, news, and instruction as will not only satisfy the public, but pay. No one would suggest that the efforts of the B.B.C. have been entirely satisfactory, but it is undeniable that they have won a considerable measure of public approval, and there was no reason to suppose that they

would not improve with experience. Under the new regime the Government will find themselves held responsible for the results of the Board of Control exactly as they are for the Postal Service, and it seems in the highest degree undesirable that they should have so unnecessarily rushed in to acquire a hornets' nest. If opinions of any kind are to be rigidly excluded from the broadcasting programmes, they will be unutterably dull, unless they are limited to pure entertainment. If they are so limited, why should they be provided by Government any more than music halls, concerts, or cinemas? If, on the other hand, opinions are admitted, the floodgates of partisan feeling will be opened and Parliament will ring with the cries of partiality. Chameleon-like, the programmes of 2 LO will take on the hues of the *Times*, the *Morning Post*, the *Daily News*, or the *Daily Herald*, according to the Government that happens to be in power. And what justification is advanced for this latest venture into State Socialism? We gather that there is some hope of profit. But so there is in any monopoly, and Government management is the surest way of minimizing the profits even of a monopoly. The B.B.C. paid both substantial royalties and income-tax.

Further, it was quite unnecessarily explained that in certain emergencies the Government might have to assume control. But it actually did so during the national strike, and could always do so again without the slightest difficulty, just as at any time, without going so far, it might require the broadcasting of certain statements.

We can discover no valid reason for the course the Government has taken. It is simply another instance of the Conservative moth flying into the flame of Socialism. Some day it will singe its wings.

The Food Council

THE one harmless Socialistic experiment of the Government is the Food Council. It is merely ridiculous. It is continually issuing pompous announcements, such as the following:

"When the Food Council next meets the question of ——— prices will be an important item on its agenda, and it will *consider its action*, unless there has been a reduction in the meantime."

Sometimes the price falls, sometimes it rises, in accordance with certain laws of supply and demand which

existed before the Food Council was invented, and will exist when it has been forgotten. Never has there been the least reason to attribute any public benefit to the ponderous deliberations of the Council; it is usually left "considering its action" in an attitude of presumably pained contemplation of its own futility long after prices have found their level in the natural way. It would be interesting to know what conceivable "action," other than something purely Socialistic, for which neither the Food Council nor the Government has the slightest warrant, it could possibly take.

It seems to have been forgotten that the one efficient safeguard of the public is open competition. The only possible concern of the public authority is to guard against extortion in the event of competition having been eliminated, a state of affairs not even approached in respect of any foodstuffs. The growth of larger distributing organizations has so far only proved beneficial to the public in the matter of price and quality. Monopolies might be an entirely different matter. But they do not exist. If a greedy retailer demands higher prices than his rivals in the next street, he will soon lose his customers, and there is no reason why any who are foolish enough to pay his excessive prices should be protected from their own folly.

League and German Armaments

THE long agenda paper of the forty-third session of the League Council, which meets in Geneva on December 6, is likely to produce lively debates. The German representative is *rapporteur* on the recommendations of the preparatory Committee for the Economic Conference, due in the spring of next year, while the Czechoslovak Member of the Council has to deal with the proposals for the Disarmament Conference which is to meet in June or July. But the *mauvais quart d'heure* may be expected when the Council reaches item No. 10, the "Execution of the military, naval, and air clauses of the treaties of peace" with the problem of the "chairmanship of the Commissions of Investigation." Here also the Czechoslovak Council member is *rapporteur*. The question is really dual, for while the League must shortly assume responsibility for the work hitherto done by the inter-allied military mission, it has also to deal with alleged

infractions of the Rhineland demilitarization agreements. We do not see why the League need set up two different bodies to deal with what is really one technical problem, the continued observation of Germany from the military point of view. But the problems of the Rhineland and of the rest of Germany differ somewhat as seen in Britain. In view of our liabilities as guarantors of the Locarno pacts, we have a direct British interest in the existence of some competent League authority able to report speedily on any alleged breach of the Western frontier agreements. We are, eventually, ourselves judges under the Locarno Treaty of what constitutes aggression, but public opinion would certainly not tolerate prompt intervention except on strong evidence of guilt. Nor, one may suppose, could Germany seriously object to a resident Commission appointed for the purpose of reporting on any alleged aggression. She might object more strenuously to a second Commission resident in Berlin or elsewhere in territory never occupied by the Allies, on the ground that this kind of continued supervision argues continued distrust and is incompatible with her status at Geneva. The German argument is that no permanent Control Commission is authorized by the Treaty of Versailles when the inter-allied Commission is withdrawn. Article 213 of the Treaty reads :

> So long as the present Treaty remains in force Germany undertakes to give every facility for any investigation which the Council of the League of Nations, acting if need be by a majority vote, may consider necessary.

The text is interpretable as meaning that, if on any specific occasion a complaint of German infraction of the military clauses of the Treaty is brought before the Council, the latter may decide upon investigation, and Germany shall give facilities for it. But the article probably did not mean anything of the sort. Considering the conditions in which it was drafted, it almost certainly meant that the Council was vested with the widest possible powers to investigate and control German fulfilment of Treaty provisions. Indifferent drafting may allow of the alternative interpretation. Apart, however, from textual interpretation, Germany herself might find some permanent League Commission more convenient than the system she apparently advocates. Mischief-makers would find little difficulty in suborning or

manufacturing evidence of "infractions of the Treaty," seeing that they reached the Council of the League and the more excitable newspapers of the country supposed to be injured. Unfounded charges of this kind can hardly be avoided, but they are much less likely to provoke and to embitter if they have first to pass the scrutiny of a League authority, constantly on the watch and competent both to investigate and to reject. Moreover, if there is no such permanent League authority it is certain that there will be a secret espionage service especially devoted to Treaty infractions. It is no use shutting our eyes to this, however unpleasant it may be, and a Commission able to act promptly will be better than a whole series of special Commissions going from Geneva to investigate in Germany complaints which may prove to be without foundation.

China

STRANGE, even mysterious, is the indifference displayed by the Press of this country toward the dangerous position of affairs in China and the persistent adherence of the powers that be to their policy of patience and conciliation. We are continually being told of the disastrous effects of the coal strike, reminded of the smallness of the dwindling margin of our "invisible" exports, and warned that the loss of revenue must needs be met by an increase of taxation. Yet the position in China, which we are endeavouring to meet (and steadily aggravating) by "patience and conciliation," threatens the nation with losses greater, and in their ultimate results more serious, than those inflicted by the coal strike. Why, then, is hardly a voice raised to warn the British taxpayer of what these impending and actual losses of trade and invested capital will mean to him? There has been no lack of emphatic warnings from British journalists and traders in the Far East, but they have evoked little or no echo in the editorial columns. Is it because of a lack of the sense of proportion, or want of imagination, or both? Some explanation of the prevalent consensus of inertia is to be found, no doubt, in the confessed subservience of British policy in the Far East to that of the United States. It is also partly due to the fact that the opinions of certain political idealists and educationists rank above the teachings of history and the flagrant facts.

Sentimental Delusions

THE letter, over the signature of "Palaeo," published in our last issue, was fairly indicative of the curious school of highbrow thought which (assuming, *ab initio*, that every attack on the outposts of the British Empire is entitled to sympathy) asks us to believe that patience and "liberal gestures" will win the goodwill of the bandits, pirates and predatory politicians, who are now busy ruining China in the process of filling their own pockets. True, all their eloquent predictions concerning the sweet uses of Western education for the Chinese, the uplifting virtue of democratic institutions, and the eventual moral triumph of their intellectual protégés, have been repeatedly and completely falsified for the last fifteen years; but your determined idealist cares nothing for Yesterday—only To-morrow counts. One truth stands out in all our relations with China, that the Oriental mind attributes a conciliatory attitude to fear and is, thereby, encouraged to aggressive hostility. Our sentimentalists ignore this and the fact that the chief causes of the existing chaos are the absence of a strong and recognized authority and the nepotism, greed and corruption of China's would-be rulers. They prefer to pin their faith to one or other of the men or factions which emerge for a moment. First it was the vain and venal demagogue, Sun Yat-sen; next, the Chinese Students' Union; then the egregious "Christian" General; to-day we are told to put our trust in the honest intentions and national purpose of the Kuomintang, or Cantonese party. The purposes of the Cantonese clique of politicians may be national in the sense that they aspire, now as in the past, to obtain control of the government and revenues of China, but in the matter of honesty of intention or administration there has never been anything to choose between them and the factions of the northern provinces. If their superior military organization and skilful propaganda were to give them a temporary ascendancy in Central China, the only result would be a new and more solid alliance of the northern Tuchuns against them. Meanwhile, commercial interests of supreme importance to our struggling national industries, not to mention the lives and property of Englishmen in China, will presumably continue to be sacrificed to misguided

sentiment and to the delusion that the ethical standards and political formulæ of the West are applicable to the East.

The Free State and the King

LITTLE attention has been paid to the activities of the Irish Free State delegation at the Imperial Conference but they were faithfully recorded in inspired articles in the Irish Press. To appreciate their significance it is necessary to bear in mind what the Free State has already done within the ambit of its own jurisdiction. Individual members of the Government have, from time to time, declared that they accepted the Treaty merely as a stepping-stone out of the Empire, and their activities have been consistently directed towards this end. They promptly banished the King from all actual contact with the life of the citizens. His head was removed from the postage stamps. His name has been eliminated from all legal procedure, with the result that the Free State is the only part of the King's dominions where the King's writ no longer runs. His head is about to be removed from the new Free State coinage. Only in the nebulous oath prescribed by the Treaty is the King's name retained. The necessity for this has, in fact, proved a boon to the Free State Party, as it has kept the Republican Party out of the Dublin Parliament. Thus, having successfully "relegated the King into outer darkness," so far as the Free State is concerned, Mr. Cosgrave recently proceeded to dine with His Majesty. This is but an instance of the conception of loyalty among the Irish peasant class—with one hand they will pick your pocket, with the other they will accept your hospitality.

Many Irishmen of the loyalist class—Sir Eyre Coote, General Wolfe, Wellington, Gough, General John Nicholson, the two Lawrences, Lord Wolseley, Lord Roberts, Sir Henry Wilson—to name a few, devoted their lives to the building up of the British Empire. By the Treaty of 1921, which involved the callous betrayal of that class, it was made possible for Irishmen of the disloyal breed to be admitted to the innermost councils of the Empire, and to learn the secrets of Imperial defence. The British public may soon realize that, at the instance of these men, a constitutional revolution has been carried out within the Empire, so that the Free State may be "free."

An Injustice to Ireland

It would perhaps be unkind to rob Ireland of a real injustice, but the honour of Great Britain demands that the thirty-nine pictures which the late Sir Hugh Lane undeniably intended to bequeath to the Corporation of the City of Dublin should promptly be restored to their keeping. They are at present in the Tate Gallery in London, having been lent by Sir Hugh Lane to the National Gallery pending a dispute over the building of a suitable gallery in Dublin. It is true that in 1913 he made a will leaving the pictures to our National Gallery, but in 1915 he signed a codicil bequeathing the collection to his native City of Dublin. There is no ambiguity whatever about his expressed intention, but unfortunately he neglected to have his signature witnessed, and the omission had not been repaired when he lost his life by the sinking of the *Lusitania*. It is unthinkable that a merely technical flaw in an otherwise clear disposition of property for the public benefit should be allowed any longer to delay an act of simple justice.

The Catalan Conspiracy

Most of the strange little company of Catalan "conspirators" who were rounded up in the Pyrenees have now been dispersed from their detention quarters in windy Perpignan. Some of them are under arrest in Paris, awaiting trial in the company of Ricciotti Garibaldi, and that pleasant-mannered, but astonishingly casual chief conspirator, Colonel Macia. The prosecution may modify some of the severe judgments passed on one of the principal actors in this pitiful Ruritanian affair. But Southern France, apart from the local Pyrenean sympathy with co-related Catalan neighbours across the frontier, is considerably disturbed by the evidence of activities both of Spanish and of Italian "agents." M. Briand gave the Italian Ambassador in Paris a somewhat remarkable diplomatic warning as to the undesirability of certain Fascist police activities outside Italy. French people are naturally made anxious by the suggestion that foreign agents have deliberately encouraged and even financed plots in France in order at the right moment to expose them and so secure the condemnation and future impotence of men considered dangerous by the dictators of Spain and Italy. On the other hand it is inevitable that dictatorships should surround themselves with an ever-increasing apparatus for their own protection.

Tangier

PRELIMINARY negotiations will shortly start between France and Spain with regard to the amendments to be made to the Tangier Convention, signed by them and Great Britain in 1923. When the basis of an agreement has been reached England and Italy will join in the discussions.

The Spanish desiderata were outlined in our notes last month. So far as England is concerned, the fundamental necessity is that the neutrality of Tangier should be absolute and permanent, whatever may be the grouping of the Powers in the distant future. This end, it is held, can only be attained by the institution of a properly organized international regime, which gives no one Power an excessive preponderance, and secures to local British interests—which are by no means inconsiderable—a fair and equal opportunity for development.

The success of any such administration must depend very largely on the attitude of the Moors, both in the zone and in the neighbouring districts. Hitherto, however violent might be the disturbances in the Spanish zone, they have treated Tangier as a neutral and sacrosanct market town. If once they saw the international zone policed by a force under Spanish officers, their attitude would change, and it would be very difficult to convince them that power rested with a neutral international authority and not with the Spanish Government. At the same time, the right which the Spanish and French Governments already possess to demand the expulsion of anyone who is plotting against the security of either of their zones, must, of course, be retained.

Local British interests are insistent that the British Government should avail itself of the forthcoming negotiations to secure various reforms which the experience of the past two years has shown to be necessary. The Customs administration, from which the bulk of the revenue is obtained, should be put under the local authority. The Port Works, and above all, the Tangier-Fez Railway, must be pushed on to completion. Some means must be found to regulate gambling, and turn it into a source of revenue. The desire of the Moors that the management of "Native Affairs"—hitherto directed from the French Protectorate—should in future be vested in the local International Government, to some extent

at least, should be satisfied. The police—a branch in which British co-operation seems specially indicated—must be put on a sound footing. The welfare of the Moorish inhabitants must be studied, particularly in matters of hygiene, sanitation and education; for hitherto, as Mr. Walter B. Harris has lately pointed out in the *Times*, their interests have been sadly neglected.

It should not be impossible to find solutions for these administrative problems, delicate though they are, if they are tackled in the right spirit. But in the interests of this country it is essential that finality should be reached, and no excuse left to any Power for thinking that the "Tangier Question" can be exploited as a pawn in some petty international manœuvre.

Christmas Appeals

USING what Horace calls the "freedom of December," we commend specially to our readers an excellent form of Christmas present, that given to deserving charities. Particulars of causes on which money will be well spent can be found in our advertisement pages. Most of us think of the horrors of the war as over and gone; but, while we pay our tribute to the dead, we may forget those who live on with shattered bodies and ruined minds. No appeal should be more readily answered than that of the ex-Services Welfare Society, which does a noble work in helping the mentally disabled. It provides not only nursing homes, but also chances of occupation on the land for those who can work only under sheltered conditions. Captain Towse writes with amazing skill, words that he cannot see, in his appeal for the National Institute for the Blind, and wants "to thank you personally" for your gifts. Christmas is the children's festival above all, and Dr. Barnardo's Homes, which support more than 7,000 youngsters, have a right to be remembered. They wish to acknowledge gratefully the receipt of one year's support of a child from "A Scotswoman," a reader of THE ENGLISH REVIEW. The Church Army points out that £10 will arrange a Christmas dinner for 150 old folks or poor children, and a small sum will mean a big parcel of food for some family. The Friends of Armenia are concerned to succour the "remnant of the first Christian nation." For these sufferers the bare means of life are in doubt: a loaf will be a miracle, as it was to the multitude who gathered about the Sea of Galilee.

The Conference and Dominion Status

By the Right Hon. S. M. Bruce, P.C., M.C.
(Prime Minister of Australia)

BEFORE the meeting of the Imperial Conference which has just concluded, the air was filled with suggestions, emanating from no known source, that the Empire's representatives were about to be faced with a very serious and difficult problem in regard to the status of the Dominions, and their relations to one another and to Great Britain. This feeling of apprehension marked the culmination of a period of uncertainty which had continued during the past few years—in fact, ever since the end of the war. The pre-war conception of the Empire was a simple one. The Dominions were amply satisfied with the unfettered self-government which they enjoyed in the domestic sphere, and were content to allow Great Britain to conduct their foreign policy on her own responsibility and by her own efforts. But common consultation for the prosecution of the war, followed by the novel method employed in signing the Treaty of Versailles, together with the separate membership of the League of Nations which was accorded to the Dominions, and their fresh rights in the diplomatic field, made it clear that the pre-war conception had gone for ever. Suggestions began to be made with ominous frequency that the "anomalies" of the existing position could not be permitted to continue, and that, as any measure of Imperial federation was entirely out of the question, the only alternative was to accept and possibly to codify a greater degree of separation.

Such a period of uncertainty might have been foreseen. It was implicit in the nature of the Empire from the moment when the Dominions were accorded self-government. The distinction between self-government in the domestic sphere and nursery-government in the sphere of foreign policy was very well for a time, but it could not last. The implications of Dominion nationality demanded an extension of self-government. After the war this extension came piecemeal in this direction and in that, to meet certain practical difficulties as they arose.

But the position as a whole was not clarified and it fell out that the work of clarification devolved upon the shoulders of the recent Conference.

To me it seems that the only real and substantial question which had to be settled was whether the will to unity throughout the Empire had or had not been impaired by the events and experiences of the last twelve years. If it had not, the task of the Conference would have been comparatively easy. If we could count upon an agreement on basic principles, there was little doubt that the details could be satisfactorily adjusted. But if there was genuine divergence of view as to what the Empire really was, then the task we had to face was difficult indeed.

The optimists were abundantly justified by the event. Very early in our discussions it was manifest that ours was to be the easier problem of adjusting, on a basis of fundamental agreement, matters which were by comparison details.

Even so, however, the task confronting the Conference presented considerable difficulties from one point of view. The British Empire is historically a unique institution. Its problems are unique, and in finding solutions for them one can expect no help from the past, from accepted theories of sovereignty, or existing rules of constitutional procedure. But it would be misleading to suggest that we were building entirely in the empty air, and that the Conference resolutions represented an attempt to shape a settlement of Inter-Imperial relations entirely *de novo*. If we could not appeal for guidance to the past or to procedure established elsewhere, we could refer to the spirit of a position already partly worked out in practice by the British communities themselves, with their characteristic genius for solving half-consciously and in practice, problems which might baffle the theorist.

The achievement of the Conference is none the less a real one. It may be said that the resolutions merely clarified a position which existed all along, but I would remind those who are inclined to make criticisms of this sort that before the Conference met there was no such general agreement about the political situation in the Empire as, I think, exists to-day, now that the work of clarification has been done. Doubts were freely expressed as to what Imperial unity could mean if it had to be

reconciled with a full degree of autonomy in the self-governing parts of the Empire. Similarly, there were some who questioned whether genuine autonomy could be maintained in face of the need for a unified executive policy in the international sphere. Even among those who were prepared to admit the possibility of reconciling unity with autonomy, there was room for a good deal of disagreement as to how this was to be done, and where precisely the emphasis was to be laid.

Certain questions, such as that of the right of appeal to the Privy Council, and that of the Dominions' freedom of action in negotiating with foreign countries, may have seemed to some to involve a real issue as between the subordination of the Dominions to Britain and a movement towards the breaking-up of the Empire. Our task was, therefore, to remove misconceptions as to the real practical meaning of freedom and the real practical meaning of unity. We had to establish clearly the fact of the full autonomy of the Dominions in respect to every particular issue that was raised, and we had to do this on a basis which left the essential unity of the British Commonwealth unimpaired in any way.

Both these tasks have, I think, been accomplished. In every single case the reconciliation between freedom and unity has been achieved in such a way that there is no further room for doubt among men of goodwill about what the British Empire means and how in practice it may be expected to conduct its affairs. In so far as uncertainty on these points, both within the Empire and outside it, was impairing goodwill and preventing progress—and I have no doubt that to a certain extent this was the position—we may claim to have made a real contribution towards the Imperial future.

It should scarcely now be possible, while the general circumstances of the Empire remain as they are to-day, for any question to be raised to which the answer has not been either definitely given or clearly forecasted in the resolutions of the Conference. The three great watchwords of Liberty, Equality, and Unity have been freely and unmistakably accepted, and their application in detail has gone quite as far as the needs of our time demand without leading to that kind of over-rigid definiteness which may itself so easily prove a stumbling-block.

But it would be a great mistake to think that mere

agreement upon the terms of resolutions, however satisfying in themselves, means an end of all our difficulties. The problems that remain are practical, and their solution is essential. The reconciliation of freedom and unity must be effected, after all, not on paper but in the actions of Governments and in the hearts and minds of men. We are thrown back now upon the problem which I have always felt to be the root of the whole matter—the problem of achieving through consultation the essential degree of co-operation. This is in part a matter of mechanism. Time and space put difficulties in the way of effective communication, and these can only be overcome if every portion of the Empire uses to the full those opportunities for informative discussion which the rest are so ready to afford it. But still more it is a matter of goodwill, and one is encouraged to hope that this will be forthcoming to meet the practical problems of the future as abundantly as it was around the Council table in Downing Street recently. It is scarcely conceivable that the measure of fundamental agreement revealed in the deliberations of the 1926 Conference could be less than adequate to apply what was there decided to the many practical problems the future holds in store.

After all, to have cleared up the political situation in the Empire, and even to have ensured an understanding as to the extent and limits of common action in future, is only to have cleared the ground for dealing with those other questions which alone can give to political unity real worth and substance. We know now where we stand as an Empire. Each part can rely upon a genuine belief of all in the Imperial bond, and each knows that this close union implies no derogation from its own sovereign status. We have now to bring about a tightening of the bonds of common interest and common sentiment, so that they may withstand the unforeseen shocks of time and circumstance, and endure for centuries to come. Yet even when this is achieved, as I believe through trade development and better communications it will be, future generations may look back upon 1926 as the year in which the Empire definitely emerged from a difficult stage in its growth, and finally accepted that new conception of itself, as a free partnership of genuinely equal nations, which came to birth in the storm and stress of war.

True Wealth

By Francis Francis

Author of "The Free Trade Fall"

SINCE the independence of a country largely hinges upon its wealth, a clear conception of the nature of wealth is indispensable. The world worries a great deal about values which in the prolonged life of a nation are but transient. These values concern the immediate profits of the individual, and often are at the cost of the more permanent interests of the State. The Free Trader justifies them by professing to believe that, a nation being but a collection of individuals, whatever is most advantageous to the individual must of necessity be most advantageous to the State. In the long run precisely the opposite may be true, and no nation can afford to enfranchise personal ignorance and greed and encourage them to function at the State's expense. According to this Cobdenite theory, one of the defenders of a besieged fortress might sell its keys to the enemy and plead that the money his treachery earned enriched the garrison. If this illustration appears to be grotesque, it should be remembered that for two generations Free Traitors have been engaged in selling the keys of our industrial structure to rivals, and have thought to justify themselves by asserting that the country was enriched thereby. Doubtless they, personally, have made money in this way, but since in so doing they have weakened home industries, and thus reduced the field here for the employment of capital, much of this money has been invested abroad and so has helped foreigners to compete with our industries. What is best for the short-lived individual is by no means necessarily best for the longer-lived nation upon which his interests and those of his successors depend. Personal riches even may be used to the nation's detriment, and perhaps in nothing has Free Trade done the nation greater harm than in encouraging a sort of foreign incontinence and so obscuring patriotism. A nation should take national views. In its protracted existence its wealth, to create due effect, must rest upon wider and more stable qualifications than the rapacity of individuals. It must at least be permanent. The values which tempt the individual vary with nature, nurture, art, fashion,

habits, appetites, with every contingency and circumstance, almost with every hour. Where in this confusion is to be found a standard of national wealth?

What, then, is wealth? Clearly it does not consist in money, for money neither feeds, clothes, nor shelters; it knows not race or country; it has no loyalty except to money. Money is international, and nothing can be more flagrantly disloyal to its own country than capital. Often our capital helps rivals to compete with and injure industries that are among our most vital sources of subsistence. So far from ensuring national safety, money, by promoting luxury and inciting envy, invites perpetual danger; yet at the first sign of danger it flies to foreign strength for an asylum. Can aught so untrustworthy be accounted wealth? Great fortunes are represented by scraps of paper bearing written engagements to pay amounts of money, which, even if they be paid in gold, are still in an arbitrary medium sustained by physical force. Compare the essentiality of money with that of goods. Money needs more support than it affords. Without goods behind it its value falls; it exists only on sufferance.

Granted this sufferance, its power is boundless, inasmuch as it enables man to store energy over and above that which provides for his immediate necessities. This is a wonderful prerogative. By accumulating money man may escape the obligation of manual labour, and be able to nourish and so control numbers of his fellow-men. An extension of this authority might permit one man to rule the world, but since his money would need the world's support, his rule would still be on sufferance. Money would remain a convention, adopted for convenience, liable when inconvenient (as recently appeared in Germany) to be repudiated, and always without any foundation in actual physical demands. The credit based on money must have the further and more substantial foundation of industry. When industry thrives, credit flourishes; when industry withers, credit already will have flown. Why, then, does not production control, instead of being controlled by, money? Why should not money, in some way and to some extent, be made to conform to fluctuations in the value of goods, in the ebb and flow of business? Money should be the servant,

not the master of industry and distribution. A parasitic power intervening between the operations of industry and distribution, and imposing arbitrary values in its own interest, is an impediment, not a help to the world. If money be not actual wealth, it should not enjoy this power and status.

The fact appears to be ignored that in a nation there is an automatic but constant conflict between the interests of industry, foreign trade and finance, and that infinite mischief must ensue if the order of their importance to the country be not determined, and they in that order co-ordinated with reference to the collective interests of the State. The attitude of industry in this conflict is defensive. Foreign trade, however, is aggressive, and, if uncontrolled, will always destroy home industries. Meanwhile, finance, or money power, owing to its strategic position, its mobility, and the ease with which it may be concentrated in few hands and by them used irresistibly, may, if we permit it, dominate both industry and trade, indeed the whole world, in a manner at once selfish and sterile. A nation cannot afford to allow its effort to be wasted in the accumulation of money for money's sake, or for the sake of the despotic and fruitless power which it confers upon a small class of money-makers. Money is indispensable, but only with the concurrence of mankind is it omnipotent. It should be made to play its proper rôle. Upon the security which goods afford, money with all the luxury that it facilitates is established, but money flies when its industrial basis is neglected. In itself it is not fundamental wealth, nor can it afford a sure foundation for economic structure. Crises occur in innumerable lives when men give all the money that they have for goods, and these crises appear with added force in the lives of nations. Under the urgency of physical needs the value of money seems to vanish, and the value of goods to be demonstrated. The basis of wealth must be goods, not gold. Yet if it be not controlled, money will control.

The question arises: Is wealth the product of man's own intelligence and labour, or is it a gift from earth? We have become so used to the gifts of Nature that almost we regard them as our own creation. Man forgets that it was in his fight for existence, or in the process of

releasing from the earth the wealth indispensable to his existence, that his own conscious intelligence was developed from the few rudimentary instincts with which his animal ancestors were endowed. To say that he creates wealth, therefore, is to say that he creates that very act of creating which incidentally produced in himself conscious intelligence. At some remote period the intellectual capacity of man must have been making great strides. The civilization he has evolved must have checked this progress. At any rate, there is no evidence within the long range of history that it has been continued. Nevertheless, it seems likely that that which produced intelligence sustains such intelligence as we possess, and that in the study and uses of production still lie all knowledge, all skill, all temptation and self-indulgence, all wisdom and self-restraint—in short, all the natural sources of human development. Neither foreign trade nor finance afford the same inspirations. Production, and with it many a nation, has been ruined by foreign trade and finance. No nation ever was ruined by production to which foreign trade and finance stood in their proper relation.

Foreign trade is not, therefore, to be regarded as a prime means of creating wealth. It may encourage the expansion of production and thus indirectly help to create wealth, but the occasions when it does this without simultaneously injuring a home industry are now no longer frequent; in itself it has no power to create, it merely exchanges the wealth already created by industry. The predominating importance of industry is sometimes obscured by the cash returns to individuals of foreign trade, although there is no comparison between the values to a nation of the two processes. In the diversity of a nation's business, much that strictly speaking is inconsistent with national interests may be practised harmlessly by detached individuals, so long as the broad streams of production follow natural principles. But no stream of production proceeds without hard work. To-day we rather resent hard work and seem to think that our wealth should relieve us of it. There cannot, however, among nations be any "idle rich" living upon accumulated capital, for those nations that do not work and work hard soon degenerate. Also, a nation must justify

its separate existence, it must live its own life. It cannot afford to rely for its needs, and the inspirations these provide, upon foreigners, as a people will that is absorbed in foreign trade and neglectful of industry. For such a nation will lose, together with its material independence, its sense of independence and nationhood, its instinct of self-defence. At first these defects may not be obvious. The prolonged life of a nation, however, permits all disorders, moral as well as material, to mature, and industry being our most vital economic function, to abandon it for foreign trade establishes a disorder that in due course will destroy the essential economic balance of the nation. The natural order of importance to the nation of its economic activities is industry, home trade, foreign trade, finance. It reverses them at its peril. A nation that relies upon foreign trade to replace the goods it consumes, renounces its heritage in the soil; it renounces true wealth, and thenceforth lives upon crumbs from the tables of its neighbours. The security of foreign trade rests upon healthy production; when this lapses, foreign trade will wane.

Nothing more positively should be checked than foreign trade which tends to weaken home industries. At all hazards a nation should preserve those sources of livelihood which ensure its vitality and independence. If we import an article, we have to export goods of a similar value to pay for it—unless the debt be liquidated by "Invisible Exports." A product created at home is exchanged for a product created abroad. The exchange of an export for an import adds nothing to our fundamental wealth. If, however, the article imported be one that might have been produced here, at once we lose and lose without compensation. We lose inasmuch as we have transferred to a rival our privilege of releasing from the earth wealth which, practically, would have been a gift to us. We then have to create, or release, further wealth, or a further value from the earth, and divert it from our further needs, in order to repurchase what we have given away, and what, originally, the nation might have had for nothing. Since the basic resources of a nation are limited, the loss incurred is irretrievable.

Exception may be taken to the statement that, if the imported article had been produced at home, the nation

would have had it for nothing, but how else describe what would have taken place? The material and labour expended in manufacturing the article in question would have been our own. The money, also ours, spent in its production would have remained in circulation in the country. Those here who purchased the product would have done so with goods, or with their profits from goods, that they themselves had produced in trades which equally were supported by the country. If, however, all be but a matter of exchange, whence the profit that provides us with a maintenance? This profit is the gift, too often ignored, of the earth. In industry man enters into partnership with the earth, and from her receives an immense bounty. She exacts no payment for her fruitfulness, she gives him her crops and raw materials, with all their latent capabilities, free of charge. She, herself, has taught him how to recover and use them. Production from them may involve a dozen stages of elaboration, and still the partnership holds good, still the receipts from it are but a further extraction from potentialities inherent in the raw material. These potentialities not only pay for the labour consumed in manufacture, they provide the profit constituting wealth. No such partnership or bounty occurs in the case of foreign trade. Foreign trade merely exchanges wealth already released from the earth by industry. This process of exchange may or may not be beneficial to a country. But no country that would prosper dare discard as the foundation of its economic structure the bounty which the earth confers on industry, and trust instead to the often illusive advantages of foreign trade. Wise nations cling closely to the soil.

No more striking instance can be quoted of our failure to release wealth actually at our disposal than our attitude towards agriculture. Once we drew from the soil great wealth by means of agriculture. So doing, we obtained our food at the cost of some labour and some intelligence. In point of money we, as a nation, then got our food for nothing, since the crops raised more than returned the rent, wages, and other expenses incurred in their production, and, whatever those expenses amounted to in cash, that cash remained in circulation in the country. In short, in cultivating the land we exploited a native source of wealth which now we allow to lie

dormant, preferring to purchase from rivals what the nation, if it chose, might have free of charge. In an age of ruthless competition, when it is folly to throw away a crust, we cast away a mighty industry capable of providing us with immense natural wealth as a gift from earth! The consequence is that our land lies idle and depreciates in value, its wealth remains latent and is wasted. Our industrial structure is disorganized and out of balance; no longer is our working population economically distributed. At immense cost we support, in idleness which rots the nation, hosts of workmen who should be drawing a good living from the soil and helping to enrich the country. The wealth they would release from the earth, the wages and profits this would disseminate, would stimulate every industry that we possess. For unemployment and its cost the wide market of an adequate agricultural population would be substituted. The character of the race would benefit, the losses from financial panics which, owing to our foodless state, we incur whenever war threatens us, would disappear. The colossal tribute that we pay the world in "Invisible Exports" would be reduced. Our food supply would be safe, our Navy free to act. All these costs and disadvantages are now incurred because Free Trade has led us to sacrifice industry to foreign trade. This foreign trade is now failing us, and the home production of food is consequently becoming too grave a matter to be dismissed with the pretence that it cannot be effected profitably. As well say at once that we cannot afford to live. We raised food in the less self-indulgent past. To-day the task should be easier. Now, however, we prefer to raise obstacles.

One of the main benefits of Protection is that it serves automatically to co-ordinate the interests of industry and foreign trade. Under the irresponsible policy of Free Trade the stability of this country has been sacrificed to a precarious opulence derived from foreign trade. In time this trade was bound to desert us. It is deserting us, and with it will go much of the money that it brought. But should this desertion force us to develop the Empire, to restore the authority of industry, and cultivate home and Empire trade, the misfortune will be indemnified. Fortunately the Empire is left to us.

Had the Free Traders been allowed their way, they would have dissolved it long ago, and to-day our position would have been hopeless. We have listened long enough to their Free and Foreign Trade fallacies. Let foreign trade flourish, so long as it is based on a surplus production and organized with due regard to the benefit of the nation as a whole. But individuals dealing with a foreign land should be required to consider the welfare of their own country. This only is to be secured by the preservation of those home industries which create fundamental wealth, and furnish the nation with an independent subsistence. Thus the object of foreign trade should be (1) To procure in exchange for manufactured goods raw materials in which wealth, or the bounty of the earth, still is latent. (2) To extend the scale of, and so cheapen, the production of goods, otherwise the production of fundamental wealth. (3) Whenever possible, to assist in the introduction here of new forms of industry or sources of the creation of wealth, and in no case to injure an existing industry. When a free imports country deals with neighbours whose trade is scientifically organized so as to secure for themselves the greatest possible amount of those employments which create fundamental wealth and furnish good wages, it is bound to trade disastrously for its own people. In the long-run the scientifically protected neighbours will deprive the free importers of all their industries of any value.

What, then, is wealth? True wealth only can be that which is of unqualified advantage to a nation. Thus it can but consist in those goods which in all ages have provided, and which continue to provide, man with reasonable comfort and a healthy subsistence. These, by freeing him from physical preoccupations, endow him with liberty of action. He may use his liberty in cultivating the further development of intelligence, or of the sole means by which he ever can learn his purpose upon earth; he may use it in devising new needs and their gratification, thus strengthening the fruitless tyranny of luxury. But whatever the course a nation pursues, its continued freedom, if not its very existence, will depend upon its performing for itself the natural function of production. It must produce the wealth that it consumes.

Lord Cromer in Egypt and After

By J. E. Marshall

(Late Judge in the Egyptian National Court of Appeal)

NINETEEN years have now elapsed since Lord Cromer left Egypt. He went there on September 11, 1883, ostensibly as British Consul-General, but really as virtual ruler of the land. Never was any man confronted with a more difficult task, never did any man accomplish it so well. The British Government never had any definite policy which was capable of execution. Lord Cromer never received any general instructions, and never asked for any. As questions arose, he decided them on their merits, guided by the sound common sense which characterized all his actions. He entered on his life's work with a singleness of heart and a steadfastness of purpose which carried all before him. Difficulties, instead of dismaying, appealed to him, and they were not wanting. Yet in spite of his long and varied experience, to the last day of his residence he acknowledged that he was constantly learning something new. He steered the Egyptian ship of State through the breakers into a haven of safety, and of no man can it be said with greater truth, "He shall be remembered by what he has done." That is his monument, for no statue has been set up in Egypt to one who did so much for the Egyptians, and made their lives worth living. Yet in this land of paradox they have raised statues to those who have scourged and oppressed them.

On his arrival he found Egypt in a state of insolvency due to the extravagance and bad government of the ex-Khedive Ismail, the father of the present king. Money had been extorted from the wretched peasantry to such an extent that in many cases they preferred to abandon their land rather than be further tortured by the tax-gatherer in his attempts to make them give up what they really did not possess. It was a race against

bankruptcy, and the period of doubt lasted until 1888, when Lord Cromer had definitely saved Egypt from international government. During the whole of that time of doubt he concentrated on one subject, and that was, How to make both ends meet? There had been a neglect of all economic laws, coupled with a persistent, reckless administration of the finances of the State. In every department there was evidence of the ignorance, dishonesty, waste, and extravagance of the East. Undue privileges had been acquired by the influential classes to the detriment of the mass of the population, and the most elementary principles of law and justice were completely ignored. The divorce between law, such as it was, and justice was absolute. No law courts worthy of the name existed for the trial of Egyptian civil and criminal cases. Every administration was in a complete state of disorder and chaos. The Sudan had to be abandoned because Egypt could not afford to stay there. Inefficiency and corruption were rampant.

Egyptian military history from the time of Mohamad Ali had afforded conclusive proof that an Egyptian army officered by Egyptians is useless. After Tel-el-Kebir it was disbanded. Events had shown that it was more to be feared in peace than in war. It is said that, as the result of Ibrahim Pasha's experience in Arabia it was decided never to promote an Egyptian above the rank of sergeant. The force was subsequently reorganized by British officers, and made into an efficient fighting machine. The men were trained and disciplined, well treated, and well looked after. This army later on played a very creditable part in the campaigns against the Dervishes, and in the reconquest of the Sudan on September 2, 1898. This set the crown on Lord Cromer's achievements. He had freed Egypt and the Egyptian people from a great menace to their peace and security.

When the British troops occupied Egypt in 1882, one act of bankruptcy had already been committed. In 1879 the Government of Egypt declared themselves insolvent. In 1880 a composition with their creditors was effected. Nevertheless, under the combined influences of the Arabi rebellion and the cataclysm in the Sudan, the Treasury was again on the high road to another act of bankruptcy.

There was, however, this difference between the financial chaos of 1878–79, and that of 1882–83. During the earlier of these two periods the hopes of every friend of Egypt were based on a declaration of bankruptcy. It was impossible to apply a remedy until the true facts of the case were disclosed. In 1882–83 it was in the true interest of every Egyptian, and of every sympathizer with Egypt, to stave off bankruptcy, for the remedy which would certainly have been applied, had bankruptcy been declared, would have been almost worse than the disease. That remedy was international government.

The struggle was long and arduous. For some years the issue seemed doubtful, but the final result in 1888 was a complete triumph for Lord Cromer's financial genius.

In the short space of twenty-three years he arrested bankruptcy, increased the revenue, reduced taxation, controlled the expenditure, created a reserve fund, reduced the public debt, and raised Egyptian credit to a level second only to that of England and America. All the other reforms which were effected flowed from the fact that the financial administration of Egypt was honest, and that the country, being by nature endowed with great recuperative power, and being inhabited by an industrious population, into whom Mohamad Ali had flogged the habit of work, responded to the honesty of its rulers.

In 1883 a considerable proportion of the land owned by the peasantry was heavily encumbered, and there was a tendency for these lands to pass out of the hands of the owners into those of foreign creditors. To obviate this Lord Cromer suggested the creation of an Agricultural Bank, which advanced about £9,000,000 in small sums to the cultivators. This bank, together with the five feddan law, the work of Lord Kitchener, whereby peasant proprietors possessing land up to five acres were not allowed to give it as security for loans, saved the small land-owner. As a class, the Egyptian peasant is improvident, and Lord Cromer at all times protected him not only against others, but also against himself. For the prosperity of Egypt and the well-being and happiness of the peasantry, who form the bulk of Egypt's population, it was essential that they should be kept on the land.

In 1883 there were no Courts worthy of the name for the administration of criminal and civil justice for the indigenous population. The native tribunals were instituted at the beginning of that year under Lord Dufferin's auspices. They improved and progressed under the fostering care of Lord Cromer, so much so that he was able to say of them ten years later, that justice was administered on fixed principles and, with occasional exceptions, that the decisions were just. It was, however, the collaboration of European judges with their Egyptian colleagues which alone made justice possible. The era of bribery and corruption had passed away, but the Egyptian judge was exposed to too many outside influences. The very fact of his being an Egyptian prevented him from becoming detached. He had too many friends in the country who did not hesitate to try to influence his decisions, and sometimes the influences brought to bear on him were very powerful. This made his position at times very difficult. The appointment of European judges greatly helped to strengthen his moral fibre and enabled him to reply that, much as he would have liked to oblige, it was impossible, as he had his European colleague sitting with him. The reason was always accepted. There is no doubt that the European judges in the native tribunals were the strongest link in the chain of the judiciary. The Department of Justice and also that of the Interior during the storm and stress of the years 1884–85 were confided to Egyptian hands, but the experiment resulted in complete failure. They have now gone back into Egyptian hands, and the recent decision in a murder case is an index pointing again in the direction of that failure from which they were rescued by Lord Cromer.

Another of the abuses which existed at the time of the British occupation was the indiscriminate use of the *courbash*. This instrument of torture was ingeniously made of hippopotamus hide, and was used on any and every occasion. It was applied indifferently by the tax-gatherers of Ismail to extort money from the peasantry, and the police to extort a confession for murder. When argument failed, the *courbash* was used. Recalcitrant servants were sent with a note to the police station requesting

the superintendent to give them a beating, from which they returned in a chastened frame of mind and became again employable. It was the time-honoured support of the Egyptian administrator. Its abuse was so scandalous and flagrant that its abolition was included in the chapter of reforms. The memory of man is proverbially short, and that of the Egyptian particularly so in regard to benefits bestowed upon him. Men remember not the good.

The abolition of the *corvée* (forced labour without pay) was then taken in hand. The *corvée* had existed in Egypt from the time of the Pharaohs, and they, like the Pashas who ruled the country at the time of the British occupation, held that the only way to govern the Egyptians was constantly to flog them. A superior authority decreed that flogging was to cease. It was in the interests of the people that the mud which the Nile leaves at the bottom of the canals should be removed every year, otherwise the canals would be blocked and their fields could not be irrigated. They were blind to their own interests, and having learnt that they were not to be flogged, they refused to respond to the call of the *corvée*. This task involved the employment of an eighth of the population for ninety days in the year. The hardship did not lie there, as the rich and influential escaped, and the burden fell on the poor, who were the least able to bear it. Perhaps not the least of Lord Cromer's achievements in the cause of suffering humanity was that in the teeth of strong opposition he insisted that the Egyptian should be paid for his work, and that he should not be flogged if he did not wish to work without remuneration.

Corruption in most Eastern Governments is a feature of administration, and nowhere was it more universal than in Egypt during the reign of Ismail Pasha. He himself believed in bribery, and his subjects followed in the footsteps of their master. Lord Cromer took steps to eliminate it as much as possible from the conduct of public affairs. He inaugurated a proper system of accounts and audit. Salaries were paid regularly, and those of the lowest classes were raised. Government stores and public works were put up to tender. The judicature was improved, and the abolition of the *corvée* rendered the bribing of village Sheikhs unnecessary.

The organizing of a proper recruiting service swept away a whole nest of corrupt practices, but the employment of a number of honourable and capable British officials did more than anything else to check corruption. The power of example is very great. The pendulum has begun to swing back again, though some of the old faces may now have new names.

Up to 1882 Egyptian irrigation was falling back, but before the British engineers had been at work ten years the cotton crop was trebled, the sugar crop more than trebled. The country was being gradually covered with a network of light railways and agricultural roads to enable the produce to be brought to market. The building of the Assuan dam and the Assiut and Zifta barrages enabled large quantities of waste lands to be brought under cultivation and employment found for an ever-increasing population. The British engineers justified Western methods to Eastern minds. They were ever inspired and encouraged by Lord Cromer.

The Portfolio of the Ministry of the Interior is always looked upon by an Egyptian Prime Minister as the most important, and he invariably takes it himself. It is the solar plexus of the Egyptian administrative system. It was full of abuses when Lord Cromer took its reformation in hand. He had to contend with the duplicity of native Under-Secretaries of State, who, when an order was given to the provincial governors, would send a secret counter-order telling them to do exactly the opposite. The prisons were insanitary in the highest degree, and the prisoners lived like wild beasts, without change of clothing, and half starved. Many of them were charged with no offence, as it was always possible for a stronger man to put a weaker in prison and keep him there indefinitely. An English director-general was put in charge, and all this was soon changed. Slavery, which was a domestic institution in Egypt, was abolished. The hospitals were in a more or less tumbledown, dirty condition, impregnated with foul odours, and containing beds filthy in the extreme. Their condition was so bad that a patient who was forced to go there looked upon it as tantamount to a sentence of death. The School of Medicine at Cairo was eventually, in spite of much

opposition, put on a sound footing and given an English head. The hospitals were properly equipped and supplied with medicines, appliances, and instruments, and the more than prejudice which existed against them entirely disappeared. Sanitary reform advanced perhaps less rapidly than improvements in the medical service. The conservative instincts of the people and their indifference to sanitation constituted an almost insuperable barrier to rapid progress.

The conditions that prevailed in the lunatic asylum at Cairo—and there are still many lunatics at large in Egypt—were shocking beyond description, and effectually deprived the unfortunate inmates of any hope of improvement or recovery. The asylum, which was a disgrace to any country, however low its grade of civilization, was put in charge of Dr. Warnock, an English specialist with a European reputation as an alienist, and he put it in perfect order.

The police system was abominable, and many were the experiments tried before it became a fairly efficient force. Lord Kitchener was at one time its inspector-general. That it was made reasonably efficient was entirely due to its British officers, and it is possible that it may remain so as long as those officers remain in the service and are not too much interfered with. During the revolution of 1919 the conduct of the police was, on the whole, exemplary.

In 1877 and 1878, that is, during the worst periods of the financial chaos created by Ismail Pasha, the Government expenditure on education was only £E29,000 a year. Under the Dual Control the grant was raised to about £E70,000 a year. From that time until 1890 fiscal relief for the overburdened taxpayer took precedence of everything else, and it was impossible to increase the sum of money which the State could spend on education. Internationalism, as represented by the commissioners of the debt, by depriving the Egyptian Government of the free use of its own resources, barred the way. From 1890 onwards there was more money at the disposal of the Treasury for educational purposes. Not so long ago the Egyptians had no use for education. It was not widely supported until it had been

brought home to the middle and upper classes of society, who depend largely on Government employment, that if their children were not sent to school, they would probably not be able to gain their livelihood. Contact with the West, the partial Europeanization of the administrative services, and the emulation inspired by the presence of European, Levantine, and Syrian competitors, produced the stimulus required to turn the thoughts of the Egyptians towards its practical value. Schools sprang up in every direction, and the schoolmaster was abroad in the land. The hope of nearly every Egyptian is to be provided with a Government post, with short hours, a minimum of work, and as much pay as he can obtain. He has little desire to enter the arena of competition in commercial undertakings. With one, or at most two, exceptions, there is no Egyptian who has been successful as a man of business. In a shop in a hole in the wall where a sewing-machine may be seen at one side and a goat tethered at the other, he may make a modest living. When it comes to organized trading, he is outclassed by the European, the Armenian, and the Jew. His genius does not appear to lie in the direction of business. In spite of the fact that, as compared with 1914, there has been an increase in 1925 of 49,344 in the number of officials, which cost the State £E13,500,415 a year, considerably more than a quarter of the Budget, there is still a clamour for more posts from those who have passed the qualifying examinations. The unsuccessful, instead of turning their thoughts to other callings, are prone to pass their time in the cafés dissipating such money as they can extract from their parents.

The British officials always furnished the motive power in the machinery of government in Egypt. Since Egypt received her independence in 1922 most of them have gone, and those that remain have been deprived of the power either to initiate or reform. The Egyptian always readily copied the practices and procedures of his English teachers, but now they are no longer there to copy. The remedy which apparently suggested itself for this loss of motive power was an enormous increase in the numbers employed in the Civil Service, which, if persisted in at the present rate, would speedily absorb

the whole of the revenue of the Egyptian Government. European agency is still required in Egypt to supply the technical knowledge which the Egyptians have not yet acquired, and to remedy those defects in their character which have been ingrained in them during centuries of misgovernment. A great number of British officials is not required, but they must be of the best. The Egyptians make excellent subordinates.

Egypt is essentially a cosmopolitan country, and its material prosperity depends in no small measure on the presence of a numerous European colony, and on attracting European capital. The European conducts the whole of the business of Egypt owing to the commercial incapacity of the Egyptian. He could not have remained in Egypt after the declaration of independence if England had not taken upon herself the protection of foreign interests. He would have had no guarantee that the Egyptian Government would not revert to the arbitrary methods of the days which preceded the British occupation. No man, not even an Egyptian politician, would in his heart like to go back to those days, but giant circumstance would eventually prove too strong for any purely Egyptian administration. If a people are incapable of taking their part in the business life of their country, how can it be expected that they will excel in the task of governing it on business lines? The Egyptians cannot govern Egypt, and no one is more aware of it than they are themselves.

The present Parliament of Egypt is in no way representative. It represents one class and one creed, and is dominated, as the East is always dominated, by one man. There is no real freedom of speech or opinion, however eloquent some of its members may be. There is no getting away from the fact that the country is cosmopolitan and that any legislature to be truly representative must be cosmopolitan in character. Not that the Municipality of Alexandria after its English director has been withdrawn and replaced by an Egyptian gives much encouragement for hope that even a cosmopolitan legislature would be an ideal solution for the better government of Egypt. Still it is the only one that would be in any way representative and which would respond to the needs and

true interests of the country. So long as the capitulations exist, it is a paradox to talk of Egyptian independence. How can a country be independent which cannot impose its taxes on, or make laws which are applicable to, all its inhabitants? No European would advocate the withdrawal of his safeguards unless they were replaced by others of equal value. In the meantime the Egyptians may be allowed to frame what measures they please for their internal government, so long as they are not inconsistent with the status acquired by Great Britain and by foreign interests in the country. But we cannot look on with indifference and allow matters to be discussed and settled without some intimation of our views. A clear understanding must be imposed, or else much misconception will arise, embittering still further the relations between us and the Egyptians. If an authoritative and clear declaration of Great Britain's intentions had been made during the war, or at any rate immediately after it, most of the present difficulties would not have required solution, as they would never have arisen.

When the war began, the government of Egypt was carried on by its own momentum. The great work of Lord Cromer was gradually undermined and is now falling into decay. The former state of efficiency no longer exists. The motive power went with the disappearance of the British officials. The Cromer tradition has ceased to exist, but every cloud has a silver lining, and with the advent of Lord Lloyd as High Commissioner, a new light began to shine in Egypt, a star of hope. At long last the mantle of Elijah has fallen on the shoulders of an Elisha.

Unemployment from the Biological Standpoint

By Frank W. White, L.R.C.P.

In dealing briefly with this vexed question it must be understood at the outset that the remarks made will apply mainly to broad averages, and are, therefore, not necessarily directly applicable to every individual case or community.

Unemployment signifies a state of being "out of work," of not being "put to use" or "profit." How is it that in an age in which the human mind has soared to such transcendent heights in inventive genius of almost every description no man has yet been found capable of solving the unemployment problem? This question is perpetually being asked; sometimes almost wrathfully, amazedly, or contemptuously, as though the conundrum were simple, and only required a little painstaking perseverance. It is also said that, if one particular "party" cannot successfully deal with the matter, it should give place to another which could, and so on. The origin and causes of unemployment, however, are manifestly very deeply rooted, and perhaps the answer to the question is: That under existing natural and artificial conditions the problem is not capable of satisfactory solution; that palliative measures must suffice for the present, but that the future, with its promise of higher evolutionary change, may perchance furnish alleviation. It should be the hope, the aim, the ambition of modern man with his enlightened intellect to hasten and assist such change. A thorough inquiry into the biological phenomena producing unemployment will doubtless throw some light upon the subject.

Now what would complete employment mean or necessitate? What conditions must be fulfilled so that every person may be in a position to earn his (or her) daily bread? Clearly, each individual must be *capable*

of performing his work, and there must be a constant *demand* for his services. Do these conditions occur in modern civilized nations? It is with the first that I am chiefly concerned. There are many factors to prevent the would-be worker from being capable of performing his duties, as there are also many causes which produce fluctuations in the demand for his services. On the face of it, it appears unreasonable to expect that an exact balance can ever be struck and maintained between the numbers of those (in all their heterogeneity) who require employment and the demand for their labour, as both are constantly changing quantities. In primitive times, where man had unlimited space and killed freely, the question was less complex. But among our great civilized nations, where space is scanty and population immense, the amount of dependence of one upon another is enormously increased; also human life is viewed as sacred. It is owing to this dependence of man upon man, and even of nation upon nation, that the question of unemployment has become so involved—alterations in the demand for labour being influenced by causes acting both locally and from afar.

At present unemployment is much in excess of its "normal," owing, it is claimed, to the effects of the war. Hence some of the perfectly fit are unemployed. Time and the gradual settling of international conditions should reduce the list.

Who are the employed? They are the "fittest," or those most capable of performing the services in return for which they receive the means of livelihood. They are (broadly) the strongest, healthiest, most energetic and efficient members of the community. This answer must be correct, for if we contemplate the converse, namely, that the employed are the least fit, the least capable, the weakest, the intemperate, etc., we are at once confronted by absurdity. We conclude, then, that men will be employed first who have natural advantages over other men. And that the next, and next, to be required will depend in like manner upon their relative degrees of endowment.

A very simple yet forcible illustration of this kind of selection is the choice of two football sides at school.

The boys not chosen by either captain will naturally be known as the least efficient footballers. The same principle is observable in every industry or profession; wherever there are more applicants than vacancies, the result will be the same; and wherever there is an excess of population, there will be a corresponding excess of applicants over vacancies.

A highly-progressive, flourishing, civilized nation requires an excess of population. It is a natural law of progress, real and inexorable. Strong and advancing evolution can only go on so long as there is a sufficiency of material for its grinding mill; this has been the rule through countless ages from the remotest past. It is ever the same, the stronger triumphing over the strong—the strong over the weak—the weak over the hopelessly incapable; and in this relentless march the strong gain in strength and transmit an inheritance of strength through generations into the future.

The value of competition in promoting efficiency is recognized everywhere. Competitive examinations produce high efficiency. Even into examinations not avowedly competitive the same spirit of competition insensibly enters. Hence we see that for a nation to keep on advancing there must be a sufficiency of population to maintain a spirit of competition. Otherwise it will fail in its struggle with other nations, and will surely and progressively sink into oblivion. But so long as human nature remains as it is to-day, with its passions and potentialities so vastly in excess of apparent need, we may safely conclude that some degree of over-population and unemployment will continue. It is an unfortunate fact that the over-population, at present, occurs mainly among the very poor, the unhealthy and improvident, thus adding greatly to their personal difficulties and increasing national expenditure.

The far-reaching effects of the marriage question, entailing, as it does, the very life or death—the progressive evolution, or the decay—of posterity, cannot be over-emphasized. Matrimony, instead of being a blessing, is, under existing conditions, only too often the rock upon which struggling humanity is shipwrecked. Fit should never mate with unfit!

To sum up, briefly, the requirements for employment and worldly success, they are: ability, zeal, energy, good general health and strength, and ambition. If these are *all* present in the same individual, balanced and in harmony with each other, the very acme of efficiency is attainable. It is an undoubted fact that all these characteristics show a very strong tendency to be transmitted by inheritance from generation to generation.

We must now inquire: What are the characteristics contributing to worldly failure, unemployment, and poverty? These have been already implied. They are the exact opposite of those just described. Who are the unemployed? Many of them must be persons who have not been endowed by heredity with the characteristics essential for success in the competition of life as it is to-day. Many of them, no doubt, are possessed of such characteristics, but only in a minor degree, compared with those with whom they have to strive. Many of them, again, may possess some of these faculties in marked degree, but, other faculties being lacking, these first valuable assets are rendered inoperative. For one (or more) faculty to function to its greatest advantage it must be supported by one or more other faculties of a correlated nature. Thus energy, without a capable brain or a powerful and well co-ordinated muscular apparatus, would be of little value to its owner. No doubt a good deal of inefficiency and unemployment is due to this cause.

From whence come the unemployed? What was their parentage? The outstanding cause in the production of a large section of the very poor and unemployed is hereditary transmission of unfortunate and useless attributes, including diseases, and transmitted tendencies to it. Persons afflicted with hereditary tendencies to tuberculosis, insanity, specific disease, malformations, general debility, criminality, intemperance, drug habits, incapacity, laziness, and many allied conditions, cannot compete successfully with persons gifted by inheritance with the converse. Anyone who has visited the very poor of this country in their homes must have noted the ravages caused by these tendencies, and deplored the certainty of their perpetuation by marriage.

And marry they do, often leaving large families to swell the number of the unfit.

. . . . . .

Among other causes of incapability to work and consequent unemployment are: (1) Accident; (2) premature old age. Age over seventy years is provided for in this country, and this age limit might well be somewhat reduced, so as to include the many poor inhabitants of large towns who have become prematurely old owing to the conditions of life; (3) the prolonged receipt of the dole; (4) improvident marriage.

What is the proportion of unemployed to employed? For a nation to be successful in international competition a decided majority of the working element of its population must be in a state of being "put to use" or "profit." Such a majority exists in all dominant nations. Roughly, to represent statistics available to-day, let us suppose a nation having 20,000,000 would-be workers; 18,000,000 are employed; 2,000,000 unemployed. In other words, there are ten applicants for every nine vacancies. Hence, in general terms, the one unemployed must be regarded as the least efficient of the ten. So we conclude that the bulk of unemployed must be individuals well below their national average for purposes of utility.

Laziness, which is often connected with unemployment, is undoubtedly hereditary, but every man has the power to develop what energy he possesses (for general utility) to the extent of its inherent capacity—just as he can develop his biceps muscles—and it is his duty to society to do so.

Turning to methods of dealing with unemployment there are: For the present time (palliative), creation of employment; and the dole. For the future (partially remedial), the biological method.

1. Creation of employment by Government is a much-debated subject. Its advantage is that the devastating effects of receiving the dole, and doing no work, would be reduced. The disadvantage is that immense sums of national money may be hopelessly locked up (or lost) in financing such enterprises, with little chance of return. I would urge, however, that in large centres,

those who are perfectly fit among the unemployed, and who apply for the dole, should be kept occupied in some way—were it only by a daily course of semi-military training.

2. The dole, removing fear of loss of work, should always be regarded as the most temporary of measures, to be adopted only in times of special emergency. The dole is a pill pregnant with danger, despite its sugared exterior. It contains a drug producing varying effects upon those who swallow it; and, like all such, should be administered with extreme caution. To a few, perhaps, it may be beneficial; to the many it acts as a virulent narcotic poison, and a habit is readily formed—the dole habit—whereby a craving is established to keep on taking it, and ask for more! In brief, to broadcast the dole indiscriminately, and for long periods, is to broadcast the germs of degeneracy. A man, when old enough to face the world, should be remunerated according to his value to society, and only so. For a healthy condition to obtain, individual merit must be recognized, otherwise callousness and decay are engendered. To occupy "unemployed" time, so as not to degenerate physically, intellectually, or morally, is one of the stiffest problems, and to expose anyone to it, is to incur a grave responsibility. The dole, in time, benumbs that stimulus to exertion for self-support which is vital to healthy manhood. Finally, it makes men *incapable* of performing a good day's work, and thus *creates* unfitness and consequent continued unemployment.

The days of primitive measures for reducing the population are gone. Human life, once generated, has acquired a new sanctity. Much work is now performed among the very poor and unfit to assist them in the rearing of their children, and in general hygiene. Much is done to stamp out, and prevent the incidence of, infectious disease. Much is done for the insane. In short, everything is being done to eradicate or render inoperative those natural means by which useless population were once held in abeyance. But all thinkers must realize that the conserving of the unfit and their ever-increasing offspring entail a very grave danger to the future welfare of a nation. Such a nation is, in fact,

tending and protecting that which may ultimately prove its downfall.

3. Biological method. We have already seen that quite a large proportion of the unemployed is composed of the more or less unfit. It is with these and their progeny that we have principally to deal. If we can reduce this progeny, and promote an increase in the progeny of the fit, we shall be well on the way to solving—in part—the riddle of unemployment. For a nation to be successful there must be competition among its component units. Hence there must always exist some degree of unemployment. But by reducing the amount of unfitness we increase the number of the employable. Also, by raising the standard of individual fitness, we necessarily raise a nation's relative efficiency in international competition.

The unfit are found in every grade of society. The strong tendency to inheritance of all attributes that go to constitute fitness and unfitness has been emphasized.

Vast improvements have been made in our domesticated plants and animals. Darwin's works on these subjects are conclusive. One has merely to consult a modern horticulturist or breeder of animals to obtain confirmation of this. Why, therefore, should not the same sound principles be applied to man before the stream of progress tends to wind and turn back upon itself, as it threatens to do? In brief, marriage must be looked upon from an entirely different standpoint from that obtaining among both rich and poor. The far-reaching effects of heredity must be taken into account. A strong public opinion at first, backed at a later stage by law, must control the parentage of children in every grade of society. This can be effected mainly through the Press, from the pulpit, and, perhaps, by the film. Those rendered unfit from any of the causes previously enumerated should not be allowed to leave offspring. If the amount of misery produced were taken as a criterion, murder would sometimes appear a small offence, compared with what takes place every day uncensured, namely, the birth of a child condemned to a life of suffering through the inheritance of its parents' misfortunes (diseases and other wretched attributes). It is certain that the general public, and those in authority, will one

day realize the vast force of heredity, not only as an interesting phenomenon, as at present, but as a very real, practical, and, in certain cases, terrible truth. When this is established, a great wave of feeling will be aroused against the present system of parentage, where most, if not all, is left to chance, concerning the health and constitution of offspring.

Sentimentalists may argue that procreation is a primitive instinct—not to be interfered with. We can only point out to such that many primitive instincts (to murder, to steal, etc.) have been recognized as distinctly inimical to society, and are now dealt with by law. A member of a highly complex society owes that society many duties. He cannot regard himself as a free agent. He is not free to take his own life; why should he be free to produce life?

A study of religious institutions shows that celibacy, on quite a large scale, is not only possible, but attainable. There are still teachers who proclaim that dismal and fatalistic law of heredity; that unfortunate characteristics shall continue to the third and fourth generation. Their time would be better occupied in describing how such misfortunes can be limited to a single generation.

In conclusion, every effort should be made to attract public attention to this problem. For there is no shadow of doubt that, if the principles sketched were adopted, our nation could be rendered in a very short time more prosperous, more efficient, more powerful, and healthy and strong throughout, with a minimum of unemployment and poverty.

The Canadian Nation—II

By Captain T. B. Trappes-Lomax

If we must admit that Canadians are like Americans in many outward ways of living and, further, that they are subjected to a very powerful pull in the economic sphere, happily we need not make so wide an admission in the sphere of ideas. It remains true that in the last resort a Canadian is like an Englishman and unlike an American, because he thinks in the way an Englishman thinks. He does not share the American admiration for abstract ideas, for doctrinaire theories, for rigid solutions. Thus none of the articles of American faith —neither the abstract idea of human equality, nor the doctrinaire theory of Republicanism, nor the rigid solution of political machinery which is their constitution—appeals to the Canadian mind. It is the same with the Americans' most recent conviction, prohibition, a rigid solution, if ever there was one; it was never more than half accepted in Canada, and is increasingly resisted. Nor are Canadians so susceptible to those waves of collective emotion which, rising no man knows in what depths of ignorance and bound no man knows to what follies, submerge from time to time great blocks of American life. They have too much common sense to be "fundamentalists," too keen a sense of the ridiculous to dress up as klansmen. The Canadians have never lost their sense of proportion. The two people are subtly differentiated in their conception of a gentleman.

It is certain, I think, that Canada offends American vanity since she appears to reflect on the success of the Declaration of Independence and to challenge a 100 per cent. American Continent. The Pan-American Union, which exists to develop "closer cultural, commercial and financial relations" between its members and in which the United States plays big brother to the South American Republics, is believed to be anxious to admit Canada, but I did not understand in Canada that this anxiety was reciprocated.

As regards absorption, opinion at American universities and among the more educated favours an event which it thinks economic pressure makes inevitable, while the masses take for granted what would satisfy their self-complacence. On the other hand, annexation has been stated by Mr. Taft, ex-President and now Chief Justice,

to be impracticable, because it would add yet another indigestible minority and an enormous territory to a country already too unwieldy.

Canadians, especially in the east, are hostile. At a liberal meeting in Montreal in October, 1925, where Mr. Mackenzie King was the chief speaker, all the allied flags decorated the ceiling and walls with the solitary exception of the American. The French-Canadians are the most solidly anti-American block in the country, and it is a common saying that the last shot in defence of it will be fired by them. In Ontario there is even greater dislike, if less conviction. There you will be told with pride, if not with scorn, that the Canadian casualties were greater than the American. It was at an Ontarian public meeting that you could feel the backs of the audience bristle all over when the speaker permitted himself to reflect that "after all, we are more like the Americans than anyone else." Parts of the west, on the other hand, come very near acquiescing in absorption —though even there Mr. Secretary Hoover's speech, in which he claimed for his country a "natural" right to the St. Lawrence waterway, raised strong protest. It is quite certain that no political party could include annexation or even absorption in its programme. The Canadian national spirit has long been too strong, grows rapidly, and will prove to be the ultimate safeguard against American advances.

Historically it is easy to show that annexationist talk has coincided with lean years. We may expect it periodically, since economic conditions are subject to change, but we shall be wise not to overestimate it.

But, of course, a people's attitude to a neighbour, be he never so powerful, is not the key to that people's character. In post-war Canada it undoubtedly lies in Canadian nationalism. Thus, there is a growing determination to tighten up the control of the country's natural resources. This was clearly expressed in the Parliamentary Resolution of 1925, prohibiting the further export of electrical power. A similar agitation to prevent the export of wood, to be manufactured into pulp and paper in the United States, only failed because it was thought that the latter would retaliate by an embargo on their coal. The agitation will reappear. Symptomatic,

too, is the Group Movement which aims at forming, up and down the country, study clubs or small groups, which shall be centres of educated opinion on questions of national concern. As yet it suffers from the lack of a constitution and a definite programme, but a recent meeting may have done something to remedy this. The Hamilton Group put up the money by way of private subscription to enable two representatives to attend the meeting, which at any rate shows people are prepared to make sacrifices for the scheme.

In the political sphere it is interesting to see how both the Liberal and Conservative parties vie with each other in claiming that theirs is the true national policy. This is an indication that there is a public opinion on this matter which cannot be too openly flouted. It is the same with the tariff. In spite of all the political capital that has been made and will continue to be made out of it, the limits within which it has fluctuated since Confederation do not exceed 7 per cent., which shows a fairly fixed agreement on the national interest. So recently as 1925 an important step was taken towards considering tariff policy in relation to the Dominion as a whole, when Mr. Mackenzie King set up a Tariff Commission, whose object will be to gather data and make recommendations based on a balance of expert opinion. This will tend to reconcile provincial interests on a basis of national well-being. Labour organization is less satisfactory, since 73 per cent. of organized labour in Canada is under the direction of the American Federation. But a reaction against this state of affairs has commenced. Some telegraphists and Montreal boilermakers have recently withdrawn from the American Unions, the former to secure "freedom of action to shape our own policies" and the latter for financial reasons and dislike of "Yankee domination." There is a very real public spirit at the back of the Non-Permanent Militia. We are proud of the keenness of our own Territorials, but I do not know that we have regiments in which, as in many Canadian ones, the officers, N.C.O.'s and men forego their pay for the benefit of the regimental funds. The inclusion of the 22nd Royal Canadian Regiment in the Permanent Force shows a very different feeling towards the French-Canadian from that which existed in 1914.

This same national spirit manifests itself in education. In the west there is a growing determination to insist on the teaching of English, e.g. in the Mennonite schools. School children salute the Union Jack as part of the daily routine. Something, too, is done to teach "Imperial civics" through the 120,000 cadets, of whom rather more than 50,000 are in Quebec Province, which of course is where this teaching is most needed. Songs such as "Le Canada," "The Maple Leaf," "O Canada," have acquired something of the prestige of "God Save the King." A Canadian flag has been discussed. At a record Liberal meeting in Montreal just before the election, it was very noticeable that the one phrase (beyond mere personalities) which never failed to arouse enthusiastic response was "Canada for the Canadians." There is growing up a school of Canadian landscape painting, and people are proud of it, just because it is Canadian. One continually hears this test being applied: whether so-and-so is "a good Canadian"; and if one feels one can make the normal loyal assumptions more safely in speaking with easterners, it is not because they have a less national spirit than westerners. Invention may soon come to the aid of this national effort. Both the Canadian Pacific Railway and the National Railway are experimenting with devices such as super-heating and a modified Diesel engine, so as to reduce the costs per ton mile and put railway transport on an economic basis, instead of strangling Dominion finance as it does at present. It is difficult to overestimate what success would mean to the cause of national unity.

But to close an analysis of Canadian opinion at this point would be to omit what I believe to be an equally deep and more sensitive note. It is the feeling for this country. Now it is hardly at all an intellectual conviction. Mere membership of the Commonwealth of British Nations makes little appeal; opinion on India is apathetic and prefers to regard that country as a purely British concern; Singapore is hardly discussed; Iraq a useless commitment. Nor is it loyal in the sense of our loyalty to the Crown. Its object is rather the soil, the trees, the houses, and the people of the place from which a man is sprung. "In two districts of Saskatchewan there were a number of Berkshire folk; in the fruit-growing districts of British

Columbia (as might have been expected), Kent and Sussex were strongly represented; while away out in Nanaimo, on Vancouver Island, the most enterprising market gardener of the district started life as gardener to Sir Robert Peel, at Tamworth, Warwickshire. If you know your England, as only those know it who tramp its roads and fields, you can live it all again on the prairies: Keswick and the English lakes, the Sussex Downs, the smoke and football matches of Lancashire and the eternal fascination of the streets of London. You have climbed the hills that stood over against their old home, halted at their public house, cheered the same football team. Out come their pictures and keepsakes; these, and no preferential tariffs or all-red cable routes are in the final analysis the supreme ties of the Commonwealth."—*The Round Table*, September, 1923.

This deep affection is latent and not paraded, requiring perhaps some dramatic moment to call it into activity. It was at the back of the loyalty election of 1911, and in 1921 it led 80,000 men to volunteer against Turkey—at a time when their Government was hanging fire. But (and we must not forget this) it is the prerogative only of those of British stock. The French-Canadian, the Slav and all the rest of them do not share it. And this is why it is so important to prevent the present indiscriminate immigration.

If, as things are, Canada is an embarrassment to us in our dealings with the United States, she will have become an invaluable ally, when she comprises 30,000,000 within a strong national framework. Her man-power, her wheat, her mineral resources and a geographical position, which will make her an air junction for the American Continent with the Far East and Europe, are the evidence of this. But, when that time comes, she may be in a position to stand alone. We must do nothing which will make her wish to do so.

There must be no breath of patronizing. "Think of the Canadian as you do of the Scot," one said to me, "and you will not commit that particular sin." We must not call them Colonials. We must not say America, when we mean the States. We must not do more than say we agree with those Canadians who believe that Canada hardly bears its fair share of the burden of Imperial

Defence. We must not press for a rigid Imperial Federation, because it is felt by Canadians to be incompatible with a national state. We must leave the irritating to others.

But we ought not to be content with a merely negative attitude, lest we give the impression of not caring. Canada after all does not look to Australia, nor South Africa to Canada, but each to this country, so that we, who are at the centre, have the duty of informing opinion and initiating measures.

Now the proper sequence of Imperial affairs is :—

(1) Trade, by which we live.
(2) Policy, designed to further trade.
(3) Defence, designed to assist policy.

It is strange how in our actual organization defence has outstripped both trade and policy. Thus the Committee of Imperial Defence has been actively at work since 1904, whereas even now, the proper Imperial conduct of foreign affairs (a supremely important aspect of policy) has only begun to be discussed, and it was not till 1920 that the beginnings of the Committee of Imperial Defence's economic counterpart appeared. In that year an Imperial Shipping Committee began work. So successful was it that the Imperial Conference of 1923 resolved to set up an Imperial Economic Committee, which, after some hesitation on the part of Canada, was established in an experimental shape and issued its first reports in August 1925. It may well be that these Committees are the nucleus of a body in which the economic circumstances of the Empire can be subjected to a scientific examination and a trade policy, uninfluenced by party considerations, worked out over a period of years.

Neither Committee has executive power, and their constitutional aspect has been defined by the formula that each " derives its authority from and reports to the Governments represented at the (Imperial) Conference." It remains to group them and give them a permanent secretariat. Then, if by proceeding slowly they should prove able to present to the Empire a policy as regards trade, migration, communications, tariffs, etc., upon which they had secured the unanimous agreement of their members, the next step in Imperial Organization would have been taken.

Rugby Football

By D. R. Gent

THE visit of the Maoris, the change in the rules made by the Welsh Union, and the subsequent discussions with a view to securing uniformity in the laws of the game, have focused more attention than ever on Rugby football this season, and it is not too much to say that the future of the game might be seriously affected by changes just now mooted by various bodies.

To take the visit of the Maoris first. They have come here this time not directly as official guests of the Rugby Union. (Perhaps I ought to say at the outset that the "Rugby Union" is the title of the original body that controlled the game, that is, the "English" Rugby Union. The other Unions are known by their own countries, viz. the Scottish Rugby Union, the New Zealand Rugby Union, etc.) Officially, they are the guests of the French Union, but with the ready consent of the Rugby Union they fixed up matches with many of our leading clubs. They are playing their last match in this country on December 1.

Let us be quite clear about one point: it is unfair and unnecessary to compare them with the New Zealanders, who were here a couple of years ago. All sorts of factors make such a comparison perfectly useless. I will just mention one, viz. the relatively small number of players eligible for a "Maori" team. But all this is but to belittle our recent visitors. They have played clean and vigorous football, and if there is any virtue in Rugby football, it is that it should be a clean and vigorous sport, the second aspect being almost as important as the first. I believe that, if some of the "Reformers" of the game had their way, they would eliminate the word "vigour" from the game. In skill, the Maoris have not reached a very high standard, generally speaking. Here again, I ought to qualify what I have just said by reminding people that the climatic conditions they have

had to play under in most matches must have been highly detrimental to the exhibition of their best qualities. More often than not the heavy going has made forward play inevitable, and in this department they are certainly not strong, having little skill in the finer arts of forward play, viz. wheeling, dribbling, and line-out work. Their style of play—and this is doubtlessly closely connected with their racial characteristics—tends to be rather individual than collective. Their game has not been developed towards combination so much as ours has, or that of the New Zealanders, for that matter. In consequence they have shown little variety of tactics. But, it may be said, Look at the sides they have beaten, or, at least, that have not beaten them! Yes, I grant, they seem to have beaten quite a number of our best-known sides, but I consider that the standard of club Rugby in England and Wales is lower this present season than at any time since the war. This fact and the obvious advantages accruing to a touring team of selected men are the main reasons for their doing so well as they have.

But there were some capital players in the team, while the physique of all won everybody's admiration. A. Falwasser, their right-wing three-quarter, was a first-class player. Big, fast, resourceful, and possessed of a natural swerve, he was always most interesting to watch. There again, however, the style of their game prevented him from showing his good qualities very often. With us, in this country, the idea of attack, as a rule, is based upon leaving a capable wing three-quarter clear, or nearly so. With them, that idea seemed often to be purely secondary. A. J. Bell and W. Mete were a capital pair of five-eighths, a crucial position for their style of play, and I saw these two engineer a try against Swansea at Swansea that M. F. Nicholls and A. E. Cooke, of the 1924 "All Blacks," and as good a pair of five-eighths as I have ever seen, could not have improved upon. W. Barclay, the captain, was a very handy player, fitting into any position behind the scrummage most creditably. Then what a magnificent kick P. Potaka was! It was a pleasure to see this fellow drop-kick. I liked, too, the resource of H. Phillips, the left-wing, and D. Pelham, the full-back. By sound "football" sense, Pelham scored

a capital try against Swansea from the full-back position, a very rare occurrence. If I mention S. Gemmel and P. Haupapa as particularly good forwards in the loose, I think I have named all the players whose skill has made them stand out; but I do want to emphasize the fact that the Maoris, as a whole, have left a capital impression as real good fellows, on the field as well as off.

And now a word or two about the laws of the game. What started the bother, it will be remembered, was the change in the laws made by the Welsh R.U., as, of course, they had every right to do. But what happened at once? English clubs playing in Wales were hopelessly confused, for though the changes in the laws were few in number, one, at least, was tremendously important, and is almost the basis of our back play. The first English club to suffer was Bristol, who went to Cardiff to play early in the season. They were penalized time and time again for infringing the Welsh rules, by conforming to the English! Then came the visit of the Maoris, with their many fixtures in Wales. Under whose rules were they to play, for they were as much strangers to the Welsh rules as Bristol were? The Welsh R.U. decided that their own rules were to prevail, as one rather expected, but there was confusion again. To make confusion worse confounded, it may be well to add at this stage that a body known as the International Board, whose functions I shall outline in a moment, has still a third code of rules! Obviously, the matter could not rest where it was. It was a hopeless entanglement, and the Rugby Union (the parent body) and the International Board got to work at once. The Rugby Union consented to adopt the International Board rules for all matches in England during the remainder of the season, at the end of which the position will be revised, and some more permanent arrangement made. The functions of the International Board are mainly to control matters arising out of the playing of International matches. The variations in their rules as compared with those of the R.U. apply to International matches only, so that, though Welsh club football and English club football could be played under different rules, they all knew full well what rules would prevail in representative matches.

The last stage in this entanglement of rules was reached when a Rugby Imperial Conference was held early in November. All the national Rugby Unions within the Empire were represented—England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, South Africa, New Zealand and New South Wales. Many matters were thrashed out under the presidency of that stalwart of the game, Sir Rowland Hill, and much good was derived from the ventilating of opinions on administration.

It does seem desirable, in some ways, that the game should have a sort of Imperial Advisory Board, which could keep in close touch with the constituent unions. But I am not convinced that it is one of the functions of such a body to enforce a uniform set of rules on *all* clubs playing Rugby. Let me be more specific. I consider that the rules of the game as embodied in the new issue of the "Laws of Rugby football as played by the Rugby Union," that is, as played in England, do make for a grand game, and are in keeping in the main with the best traditions. I should be most reluctant to tamper with them, at least for a certain number of years. They are good enough for this country : they appeal to masters at most of our schools and colleges; they appeal to players themselves, of all ages; they appeal to thousands of spectators, and they do produce a sporting spirit of which we are not ashamed, to say the least. Why keep on tampering with them? Why have to submit to changes in the laws that are not wanted by this country? This theory of falling into line with other countries is all very well, but in many cases their local difficulties are not ours. It may be advisable to meet the clamour for reform in some parts of the Rugby-playing world, but surely there is no need to compel countries not desirous of making any change to fall into line, just for the sake of uniformity. If the unions having variations in the laws wish to play international matches, then the contemplated Advisory Board might well be used. But then, again, why make a set of players conform to laws that are not in the game they are accustomed to play? They cannot do themselves justice, and it is no help at all that it is as bad for one side as the other.

No; in my opinion this Rugby Union game needs

precious little modifying, and some of the revolutionary ideas bandied about nowadays would lead to a complete change in the spirit of the sport. Above all, the suggestions for "speeding up the game," that is, making it a display of fireworks behind the scrum, should be watched with the greatest care. Rugby football is a "mixed" game, a game of varied forward play, combined and individual play fore and aft, and hard tackling. If you set out to disturb the balance, you will ruin the game, and it is in this direction, viz. that the game should become a pretty display of passing among a set of dainty players who are never tackled, that all this "speed-up the game" talk seems to tend. In a word, what we badly need is the adoption of a set of laws approximating to what is recorded in this year's "Rugby Union Handbook," and a "close" period of anything up to five years during which these laws are to be left severely alone, so as to see exactly what sort of a sport Rugby football as played under those laws really is. Here I do not go categorically into the actual changes suggested, for those who wish to consider such details will find them all fully set out in the official handbooks issued by all the unions.

In conclusion, a word or two on the 'Varsity match, to be played at Twickenham on December 14, may be timely. Oxford men will want to forget all about last year's game. From their point of view it was an unprecedented debacle, so painful that the most ardent Cambridge man had to feel sorry for the Oxford spectators of such a display. When I recall the names of the undoubtedly first-class players in the Oxford back division, who managed on one and the same afternoon to play such rank bad football, I am amazed. This year's captain at Oxford is Mr. Abell, who is almost as well known on the cricket pitch as on the Rugby field. A forward himself, he has ensured a sound set of forwards for his side. He has gone in for an old-fashioned pack, and I use the epithet as a compliment. Mr. J. F. Landale is the Voyce of the forwards, and a capable man he is at the game! But what appeals to me about the pack is that it hasn't three Landales, as most have. The back division had to be created practically *de novo*, for only Mr. Jacob and Mr. J. A. Nunn were in residence,

and to make matters still worse, Mr. Jacob developed knee trouble that prevented his playing at all in the earlier matches. No really great player has been found, but a serviceable lot of backs have been got together. Mr. R. M. Byers, who may well be in the centre with Mr. Jacob, I have seen play splendidly in that position. He runs straight, is fast, and cuts through beautifully. Should he play, then, on the fourteenth, and get chances that a centre can use, the Cambridge defence will be severely taxed.

The Cambridge captain, Mr. C. S. Barlow, is also a forward, and found himself with three other forwards and three backs (Mr. Aarvold, Mr. Rowe Harding, and Mr. Sobey) left of last year's victorious fifteen. Then there has been quite an abundance of good talent at Cambridge, especially behind the scrum. Above all, a worthy partner was quickly found for that magnificent scrum half, Mr. Sobey, in Mr. W. H Lewis. The latter played for Wales last season, when a Freshman at the 'Varsity, and played brilliantly. In the preliminary Cambridge matches of this year he has been consistently clever, and this must be as good a pair of halves as has played for Cambridge for some time. The only danger is that Mr. Lewis may be just on the small side for the very hard knocks of a 'Varsity match. Mr. Barlow's troubles have been aggravated by accidents to two notable players. About a month ago Mr. Harding was injured and so was unable to play for some weeks, though it is expected that he will be fit again in time for Twickenham. Then, whilst playing against Dublin University, that promising full-back, Mr. J. P. Whitham, broke his leg. Who his successor will be is at present not quite clear, as there is a lack of experienced and capable men. Still, whoever is at full-back, Cambridge will take the field favourites once more, and should win. But it ought to be a real good fight this time, with much depending on the Cambridge half-backs.

The Mont Cenis Pass in the Eighteenth Century

By Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond

"La spirituelle, l'éloquente, la sucrée, la romanesque, la bavarde, la précieuse, la bégueule Comtesse de Bentinck."

Thus wrote Voltaire to La Beaumelle of one of his most intimate and valued friends. She herself has left many witty letters, chiefly to relatives, which, as one of her descendants, I have read with great interest. Charlotte Sophie, *née* Countess of Aldenburg, Sovereign Lady of Varel, Kniephausen, etc., was the wife of the first Count Bentinck, second son of the first Earl of Portland (his elder brother becoming first Duke of Portland). She was a great heiress, and six princes of the chief German houses sought her hand. Some years after her marriage Frederick the Great, whose friendship she had won, wished to obtain a divorce for her from her husband, with whom she was not on good terms, and marry her instead to his brother. But she did not desire such a match, seeing through the hidden motive, which was to give Prussia her large estates in Oldenburg, a result obtained a century later by Bismarck after a series of intrigues of which the Bentinck family were the victims. The great naval German base of Wilhelmshaven now stands on what was once the property of the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, exchanged with him for the Bentinck property, which he coveted, and which had been filched from that family through political action. The ill-deeds of the Hohenzollerns had begun earlier than this, however, for in the seventeenth century one of them had poisoned the then Count of Aldenburg, who was his father-in-law, and whose property would have come to Count Guldenlöwe's wife, had not a posthumous child (whom he later attempted to abduct) put an end to his hopes.

The following account of a passage of the Mont Cenis made by Countess Bentinck in 1758 is translated from

the French. The letter was one of a series to her mother when she was making a tour from the Court of Prussia, where she had had a violent quarrel with Frederick. She went to Vienna and, armed with introductions from the Empress Marie Thérèse to the various little courts of Italy and the Doge of Venice, she finally crossed the Cenis, bound for Geneva, to spend some time with Voltaire. Here I cannot refrain from quoting a paragraph in a later letter which has some bearing on present doings at Geneva:

"Monsieur de Maupertuis is still at Neuchâtel. There is material for a general peace, first Monsieur de Maupertuis and Monsieur de Voltaire, then Messrs. Haller and Gottsched, after that Count de Bentinck and myself, with England and France following our example, lastly, Marie Thérèse and Frederick. There should be a congress at Geneva of the principals, and not their ministers, and the little people could be the secretaries of their betters!"

The letter, written from Novalese, July 6th, 1758, runs as follows. I retain Countess Bentinck's spelling of names:

Deign to take a good map, Madame, of the environs of Turin. Look for the foot of the Alps, by Rivoli and the Pass of Suze, and you will instantly find the horrible place from which I have the honour of writing to you. I quitted Turin this morning, my very dear mother, in a *branquard*, for they advised me to leave my carriage behind as the road was appalling. We have chaises, one quite shut, the other half open, and a servant on horseback with another behind the chaise. We move like a procession, for we have had to go at a walk from four this morning till seven this evening. Still we have done seven German leagues. Nothing in the world could be more picturesque than this route, and these monstrous Alps which surround us. But there is nothing more beautiful than the situation of the ancient town of Suze, on the Dom, which is the most rapid torrent I have seen for a long time, all boulders and naked rock. Views and waterfalls are disclosed at every step. One never wearies of this majestic variety and of admiring nature even in its culminating point of horror. Up to now there has been no danger. I imagined this journey full of risk and weariness, and I find neither the one nor the other.

The diversity of it all is surprising, and the triumphs of the elements in these climates amidst rocks and obstacles. I know nothing more interesting and I do not regret that I chose this route when I find so much that is entirely new to me and totally different from everything I have ever seen.

At our first dinner at St. Amboise I had the good fortune to meet Count d'Albeth, of the House of Navarre, whose acquaintance I had made at Turin. He is young, about 26 or 27, and has merit and talents. He is popular and is very good company. He takes the same road we do. We are enchanted that we can lighten the toil of our six days' journey by our mutual conversation. This place is so ugly that it frightens one with the roar of water and the rushing of the wind in the mountains. But it pleases by its novelty, and we are a large party.

To-morrow we cross that famous Mont Cenis with which at home one frightens children! They will carry us for five good hours, each with six or eight porters. It will be an amusing sight and we are sure to laugh. There is no risk, I can assure you, Madame, and I shall not send this letter till we have successfully crossed it, and I will add to it before posting it if I have time.

Before I left Turin I received the two saddest pieces of news it was possible to get. One concerns me, the other the Empress. The first is the death of the Prince of Prussia and the second that of Count de Christiani. What a loss, my very dear mother, for that august princess, for the country of Brandenburg and for me! The Empress is deprived of a minister, unique of his kind, whose loss is irreparable, while I lose a protector, a benefactor, and, dare I venture to say? an illustrious friend whom I shall bitterly regret all my life, whom I respected, loved, admired with a tenderness based on the purest virtue. I am overwhelmed and very unhappy that I knew that amiable prince only to lose him. These are dangerous thoughts for one who finds herself in the very midst of the Alps, so fitting a place for melancholy and so likely to render it incurable. We shall start after I have rested for a little. I particularly wanted to write to you from here so that my letter would travel with us and only be sent after the passage of this mountain, so

terrifying that anyone who has not been here would frighten you and owing to your affection for me you would be more alarmed than is necessary. The end of this missive will tell you that all is over.

At Laneburg, on the other side. July 7th, 1 p.m. We have just arrived very happily here, Madame, or, to speak more accurately, we fell here from the clouds. Nothing in nature is so amazing as this route. At three o'clock in the morning we placed ourselves in our little portable thrones, where we looked rather like Chinese pagodas. There was a terrific wind, which the country folk described as a gentle zephyr. Each person had six porters. Our party included two of my servants whom they carried in front, but the creatures were so frightened that they would rather have done a detour of three German leagues on foot at the risk of breaking their necks ten times over. Then came Weisbrod, my wise governor, put in front that he might test the fords. After him came Donop, whom they put between us two on account of his impetuosity, which prevents him having any idea of danger. Then Madame Weisbrod, who looked as small as a tiny hot cake. After us they carried Count d'Albaret's servants, Sr. Dubois, of Parma, a Jesuit of Chambery, a body-guard of the King of Sardinia and two merchants. There were more than thirty-four horses and mules which transported the luggage and equipage of everyone, and came along with their tinkling bells amongst the rocks. Try and imagine, my very dear mother, the commotion and noise of seventy-eight porters speaking and singing all at the same time. It was thus that we mounted for an hour and a half by a series of ramps [Here comes a sketch of the zigzags of an Alpine pass, familiar to modern travellers] without any protection on either side.

We then found a horrid little place called La Fevrière, where there is a tiny church and four or six houses. Our poor porters refreshed themselves there on a wretched meal of bread drier than a stone, and a little goat's milk cheese. Their manner of eating this abominable meal led me to make many reflections which fifty thinking beings have doubtless made before me. They were interrupted by our departure. We ascended for more

than an hour more by a still rougher and steeper road, till we came to the frontier between Piedmont and Savoy. It is called St. Michel. There is a sort of tiny plateau, only about twenty-five feet across. Little by little we mounted but still saw nothing but rocks which hung threateningly over the road. At last we reached the plain by the lake, and what they call the Hospital. There is nothing very remarkable except one long house, whose whiteness attracts you and makes you hope for comforts which are not to be found, its magnificent exterior concealing what is nothing but a stable. I had not the courage even to enter it. The turf is beautiful and covered with the most brilliant-hued and strangest flowers. Amongst others I saw yellow violets twice as large as ours, and enormous Forget-me-nots, in fact I have seen nothing so pretty. It is enchanting to find flowers after all the horrible stones and vile paths. Our porters made another halt and had some food, for I expect you do not realize, Madame, that it is here the real work begins. You fancy us at the end of our troubles, but please wait a moment and you will see that so far they had been nothing. Happily the three and a-half hours during which they carried us had accustomed us to the work. We had gained confidence in the cleverness and steadiness of our porters and we were used to the uncomfortable movement which shakes one more than that of the roughest horse.

We now set out again in single file and for a good half hour we kept mounting and descending, during which a quarrel arose amongst our porters, who all wanted to carry Donop, as he was the lightest of our party. Those who had carried him till then insisted on keeping him, and they began to attack each other with great blows of their fists after having used up all their abusive epithets. The whole scene took place on the top of a rock, close to a precipice five or six hundred feet deep, and it was while holding this young man's chair close to the edge that they gave each other the most fearful blows. He laughed like a madman. Madame Weisbrod, who was about fifty paces behind, was tied into her chair and abandoned by her porters who had left her to take part in the tragedy, and those of the Lieutenant had done the

same thing. She was on the ground, understanding nothing of the battle, as the dispute took place in Piedmontaise. She trembled in every limb and her son was in despair because he could not fly to her help, for no one could move without the risk of killing himself and the combatants were so excited that thunder could not have been heard above their clamour. I persuaded two porters, more sensible than the others, who had stayed by me, to carry me close to the battle. I ordered them to seize Donop's fellows as quickly as possible so as to prevent them being thrown over the precipice in case they were knocked down by the fearful blows which twenty-five or thirty of their number rained upon them. But as I could not make myself heard, I threw a few silver pieces into the air, entreating them to listen to me. This fatal and precious metal instantly proved itself as powerful on this occasion as it is on all others. They ceased fighting. They lent me a moment's attention. I explained to them the right and justice by which all should share the pain and profit equally, and pointed out that as all were paid the same, a small proportion of them should not insist on carrying the lightest burden throughout. My discourse, as unanswerable and clear as that two and two make four, made no impression on them and they were about to recommence hostilities. Seeing that the natural law of equity was useless, I had recourse to another which appeals to all humanity. I said to them, "Very well, you want to fight. Courage, my friends! Amuse yourselves as you like! But remember," turning to those who still held the young man's chair and would not give it up, "in order that justice may be done you will have no *pourboire*, while on the other hand these good fellows," I said to the others who carried the Lieutenant and his son, "shall have an extra amount in proportion to the extra weight they have carried!"

This instantly put an end to the fight. Each hastened to take up his burden. I triumphed, and complimented myself on having turned my knowledge of the human heart to such good account, when suddenly I saw Donop's chair abandoned in its turn and the same porters who had refused to give it up loudly calling on the others to change with them so that they might earn a share of the extra

reward. I saw the moment approach when the whole thing would begin over again, but as the field of battle had changed, the next fight would be around the chair of my footman. He took his measures at once and threatened them with a stick, which appealed so eloquently to them that they all immediately returned to their duty. After this little tragi-comic episode we reached a place more astonishing to behold than easy to describe. It is called La Ramasse. There is a magnificent cascade at the bottom of a natural grotto. It precipitates itself with a majestic but terrible sound amongst the rocky points and boulders. At the foot of the waterfall the mountain descends almost vertically to a little valley which forms the summit of another mountain almost as precipitous. At the bottom is a village to which we had to descend and from which I have the honour of writing to you. There is a great tower, and from above it seemed about the size of my thumb. But it is a good hour from there, and the road is nowhere protected and is covered with large stones which roll over each other. As the porters step on them they move under them, which, however, does not prevent the men springing from one to the other in a way a chamois would find it difficult to imitate. We descended for a good hour, the porters running as fast as they could. You can therefore imagine, Madame, the length of the journey and the height of the mountain. The worst of it is that while you are carried up by six men, in descending you are abandoned to only two, because it would be impossible for more to walk by the side, as there is nothing but stones and no road, and sometimes rocks so high that the chair must be lifted over them, as there is no space at the side to walk. The sight is so extraordinary that surprise makes one forget fear; at least, that is what happened to me. My people all felt sick and giddy during the descent and I, who have frightful giddiness elsewhere, so that I cannot descend a staircase without the support of the rail, and who expected nearly to die of it here, felt not the slightest lightness of head. I did not have myself tied into the chair, I did not even lean on the arm of it or shut my eyes, as did most of the others.

I wish, Madame, that without the danger of the journey you could see the charming picture of this mountain entirely covered with carrying chairs, horses, mules, an army of porters jumping like goats from one stone to another without a single fall, the whole in a picturesque setting amidst ranges of mountains, especially the one we ascended, strewn with rocks amidst which trickle thousands of little streams descending towards that superb cascade and joining each other to fall into a cavern at the foot of the mountain. All this occupied and amused me so much that in spite of the fear, the fatigue, the cold and everything that could make me rejoice when the journey was ended, I was sorry to arrive, and I hasten to write you an account of it without delay, begging you to make allowances for its defects out of consideration for the time and place where I address you. I will post it at the first safe office, I think it will be Chambery, the day after to-morrow. They say all the danger is over now, and that there only remain four tiresome days to Geneva.

At Chambery, the Capital of Savoy, July 9th. I have just arrived and the post is leaving; so I shall send this just as it is; I have no strength to do better and I think that, though my account is a very clumsy one, it will give you a moment's amusement.

Will you be so very kind as to have this account of the Mont Cenis copied by Monsieur Payer, and sent to Professor Gottsched* at Leipsic? You will spare me a description which I owe them, those generous friends having overwhelmed me with kindness.

* John Christopher Gottsched (1700–1766) was known as the father of German literature. Till his time practically no German translations from Latin or French authors existed, and Germany had scarcely any literature of her own. Frau Gottsched is considered a still more distinguished writer than her husband. Her translation of Bayle's Dictionary caused much excitement in Germany. Their portraits hang in the university library at Leipsic, which I visited before the war when studying their history. An immense collection of their letters to Countess Bentinck, in French, have passed through my hands.

Two Shell-Backs

By H. Gerard Eley

I MET them on a large four-masted barque on which I was working a passage round the world—out by the Cape to Sydney, home by the Horn to London. One was the sail-maker, the other an able seaman.

They stay in my memory by virtue of their age, their good company, their sturdy qualities; the sea was their life, then and always—the sea of yards and sail, whose very salt was in their blood; relics, these two, of a past generation of sailor-men, whose like may hardly now be met.

. . . . .

In telling you, later, of MacEvoy (the sail-maker) I mention his age, known to me as sixty; but I lay no stress upon it, since Chester might to all appearances almost have been his grandfather.

Poor old Chester! He finished his days in the Belvedere Home, and I like to think of him there, of how peaceful and happy he must have been for the last small part of his vagabond life—with his little store of 'baccy wrapped in spun-yarn, and the garrulous old cronies who would keep him appreciative company, shaking with him their tousled old heads (what sailor is ever bald?) over the general omissions and incompetences of present-day seamen.

I was with him afterwards for another voyage in that same wind-jammer, and I recall him as the oldest live man that ever I have met, either ashore or following the hard and lonely calling of the deep sea.

He was almost an atavism, was old Chester. His words, mumbled from between toothless gums, seemed to carry one back to a dim and almost prehistoric past—to forgotten ships that sailed to ports whose names he scarcely knew ("nobody did tell you wheres you was bound *them* days—but it was somewheres down beyond the South-East Trades"). Forgotten ships he spoke of, and forgotten men, that only to him were unforgotten—they stalked, living, along the paths of his memory,

each in turn " the terror of the boardin'-masters," each the breaker of a record from somewhere to somewhere else, each with a unique ability in sailing a vessel as never mortal had sailed one before. His phrases and terms were the terms and phrases of the past, his superstitions the superstitions of a long-dead day; strange names he had for gear and rigging, long obsolete, for whose re-establishment he sighed unceasingly. Double tops'ls and t'gall'nts'ls would cause him a contemptuous merriment—" where d'you gain in them little rags of things ? " he would ask: nor would he speak of " upper " and " lower," though he could see them in split curves above his head. To him they were just " torps'ls "—that and no more.

Ours was an old-fashioned vessel, too. But not to him. Even on a modern steel-built sailing ship, with stump bowsprit and pole topm'sts, I suppose he would have looked for knight-heads and trestle-trees, and would doubtless have wondered " what landlubber had a hand in the buildin' of this craft." A senile chuckle could always be extracted from him, I recollect, when anybody referred to screw-rigging; while, going into port, he always and inevitably seemed touched with a gentle melancholy (exploited with many head-shakings and obscurely-worded technicalities) at the general want of smartness in our appearance and seamanship.

I suppose, poor old chap, he imagined himself back upon the snowy, curved deck of some frigate-built Indiaman, warping into Blackwall Docks with gun-ports squared up ship-shape and Bristol fashion, and st'uns'l-booms rigged out.

On the articles, Chester was—needless to say—" age fifty-eight "—that never-passed Rubicon of the shell-back, whose sixty is too old. Actually, I cannot much more than guess at his age, and that only because I chanced once to see an immense bundle of his discharge-sheets laboriously extracted, wan with years, from the depths of his bedding-bag. The dates upon the earlier ones he would not allow me to look at; sufficient to say that some, on those that I did see, ran back into what I half believed must have been a previous incarnation, while, as to the later discharge-books, they all had

entered upon them—ship after ship, voyage after voyage —" age, fifty-eight," " age, fifty-eight," " age, fifty-eight" in time-defying procession.

At the time that I knew him, old Chester—" old " is Chester's epithet—must have been practically a pensioner upon the kindness of our owner, or possibly of his grandfather before him, for he was only of a sentimental value on board. Even the bucko mate had not the heart to " buck " old Chester—indeed, he used to listen smilingly to his advice (thereby becoming at once an enigma to us others) submitting even to being called " m'lad " with a charming grace, a feature in him we had not been able otherwise to detect. He would just leave the old chap to toddle round the decks on his bowed, incredibly horny-footed old legs, doing pretty much as he liked, touching up the bright-work perhaps, or trimming the lamps, or some other soldier's job—giving advice to the " young fellers," or punctiliously adjusting a point of sea-etiquette between a couple of grey-beards— " that's how it was, on the ships *I've* bin in, m'lad." A fine old sailor-man, Chester, with his grand old shaggy head and clean, old-fashioned ideals; one of the very old school that now is gone from the seas.

I witnessed a sad little incident one night.

There was a nasty lumpy sea running, with the tops of the waves breaking off against the wind and being driven back by it unwillingly; a fresh breeze, and freshening, blowing up in long, moaning gusts; a slow, heavy swell rolling up, cream-tipped, from the quarter and beginning to slobber and gurgle through the scupper-holes; a biting spray that hissed now and again across the dreary decks, to be lost in the white-specked blackness beyond—all the beginnings of a dirty night in the Southern Ocean, with the yards just checked in for a nor'westerly wind, and the captain watching the black squalls on the quarter unceasingly for the shift to the south'ard.

It was not, as yet, a wicked night, but it had all the appearance of becoming such later. The upper sails and cro'jack were furled and snug in their gaskets, and the watch—their oilskins already secured with soul-and-body lashings—were straining and shouting on the fore

lower t'gall'nt gear, with the mate bellowing and storming encouragingly (the mate loved bad weather) as he checked in the weather brace to spill the wind.

"Belay all that, now!" he roared, in his hoarse, jovial voice, as the whip of the port clew-line shortened to the rail. "Up aloft there, three of you—make a good job of it, me sons! Lay aft here, the rest. Lee main t'gallant clew-line and buntlines—man y'r buntlines good! Start y'r sheet there, Chester. Haul away now, boys—haul away an' snug it good! There she goes—*and* again so, *and* again so—O! Now then!" he broke off, "who th' hell are you, eh? Don't know where the clew-line is?" laying hands on a dimly-seen figure standing by the fife-rail.

"I was tendin' the sheet, sir," said a hurt voice.

"Slackin' the sheet, blast ye? Where th' hell's Chester, then? Chester!"—shouting again—"stand by y'r sheet here. Chester?—gettin' deaf?"

"Chester's gone up the fore, sir," explained the Voice.

The mate faced for'ard and put his hands to his mouth.

"Come you down out of that, Chester!" he bellowed, staring up into the darkness. "Come down, now! You're no bloomin' use up there! And you, me son," more quietly, turning to the Voice, "slack away the sheets, and when we've finished here just jump up the fore and give 'em a hand. Savvy? Now then!"—his voice pealed out again—"stretch that clew-line, lads, make her rip—haul away." . . . .

So we handed the t'galln'ts'ls and came down to deck wet and wind-whipped, dodging the seas that had begun to slop heavily from overside.

As I worked my way cautiously for'ard on the lee side, I saw that the galley door was open, with the water washing across and across the deck inside with a weary, hissing sound. On an up-turned box in the corner sat Chester. His arms were spread across the wooden table with head pillowed on them, and he seemed to be regardless of the little rivulets that were running on to it from off his oilskins. Nor did he move when, at a longer roll than usual, a flood of water with a surface-coating of coal dust upon it rushed noisily across the deck, over-topping his sea boots. I thought I saw his shoulders shaking.

"Why, what's the matter, Chester?" I asked. "Feeling ill?"

No answer.

I tried again. "Chester! Chester! What's wrong with you, man?"

Still no answer.

Just then the mate, coming past, looked in.

"Well, now, here's a dam' fine mess!" he blustered indignantly. "Haven't you got the savvy to keep the door shut, you two, a night like this? Or do you want the cook to put a head on the pair of you in the morning? Eh? What's the matter with you both? Bin asleep?—Hello!"—stopping short of a sudden—"what's Chester doing, sitting like that? Hurt himself? What's up, Chester?"

Chester sat there without looking up.

"Chester—man! Can't ye speak? Let's have it, son!" The man's voice was less boisterous now.

Old Chester raised his head and stood to his feet. The tears stood in his eyes and he made no effort to hide them—he was a very old man.

"There's nothing the matter, sir," he said, dully. "I'm not hurt, sir—I'm not hurt and I'm not ill. I'm just old. That's what it is, sir—just old!" He swallowed hard, then went on.

"I ran away to sea, mister, when I was a kiddy—thirteen, I was, an' I've used the sea since, man an' boy, for—for—" he paused: "for donkey's years, sir! Yas, donkey's years! Ship's boy I've bin, an' cook of a schooner, an' or'nery seaman, an' A.B. I've bin them all, I have. I've bin bo's'n, and I've bin sail-maker. An' whatever I bin, I always done my work. I've bin rotten with the scurvy in Antofagasta, an' I done my work the same. I broke three ribs once in a bitter gale off the Leewin, but I tuk my wheel, watch and watch, an' got aloft when I could. I got froze, once, on to the cro'j'k yard—driftin' about somewheres, we was, off Diégo Ramirez—an' they cut me down an' sent me below, but I turned to, eight bells sharp, an' mustered with the rest—I never gone back on my mates.

"For I never feared to work, by God I didn't, sir! I've always bin first aloft—royal, t'gall'nt, mains'l,

torps'l, an' bangin' jib—first aloft, before the boys, I've always bin, an' never bilked a job or ran from a brace when the water came at us, green and rushin'. I've used the sea, boy an' man, an' it's always bin man I've called myself. Why, I went over-side after me pal once, sir, I did, an' I got 'im too! When we made London River an' the owner came aboard of us an' heard of it, he shook my hand! He did! Shook this hand! Aye! Boy an' man I've used the sea . . . it's used me very hard. But I've never bilked a job, by God, I haven't!

"I tell you, sir, I can look back an' say, straight, that I've been officer's man from the day I laid hand on my first rope. Not a one of the after-guard has heard me growl, though I've had hard times from some, as a sailor must. I shipped in a blue-nose craft once, an' run the voyage in her too, and tuk what came to me. I've been bought an' sold like a bullock by the West-coast boardin' masters. An' I've bin starved, God knows I have; bin on my two biscuits a day from the Line home an' gone up Channel starvin' because the wind was fair an' we dursn't lose it; aye, an' stranded at the end on the chokin' Goodwins—winter-time and we with empty bellies! I never growled then, sir—not then an' not ever. Yes, the sea's used me rough, an' I'm not complainin' now—first aloft I've always bin, always first, an' never bilked my job!"

He paused a moment, and his eyes were very bright.

"To-night, sir"—his voice was low again—"to-night it's a fine night, to some we've all known. Not a hard night, so to say—not hard. An' to-night, you, sir——" The old man gulped. His voice died away.

There was a long silence while Chester put out a hand and steadied himself against the table, his face turned away. Then, very low, almost inaudible: "It comes hard, sir—comes very hard, it does—'come down out o' that—come down, you ain't no bloomin' use up there'—so I'm done at last—after all these years. . . . It got me that did—'ain't no bloomin' use'—it's hard, sir, it's hard when I've always bin—first, when I've never bilked——"

He sat down suddenly and his shoulders heaved again, while the water washed and splashed, gurgling, against our feet, the slush-lamp wavered and smoked,

the cockroaches slid furtively across the grease-stained paint; and the hiss and the roar came in to us across the ringing decks, from the clamorous, windy blackness outside.

The mate stepped across to Chester. His great raw hand rested, ever so lightly, upon the old man's shoulder.

"There, Chester! There, man!"—never should I have known it for the mate's voice, so low was it, so husky, and so kind. "Never ye mind what I said, man! Ye've got the guts, Chester—ye've got the guts—listen to me, what I'm tellin' ye! Never ye mind what I said—I just shouted for ye, Chester, man, out there in the wind. I called for ye, man! I *wanted* ye! I *wanted* ye on deck! There, Chester, man, never ye——"

Then I went out, closing the door.

. . . . . .

Of Chester and MacEvoy, the latter was socially the more graceful. A Scotsman of sixty years of age, he had spent half a century in the fo'cs'les of sailing ships, and had devoted the dog-watches of that half-century to the reading of books and every other variety of the printed word.

He had thus acquired a wide range of somewhat scattered and incomplete knowledge, together with a facility in expressing himself interestingly on many subjects. Contact with the many peoples and more languages of the world had purged him of his Scottish accent, and though his speech was commonly manured with the forcible expressions of the sailor, he could, and often did, speak with a pure intonation referred to by his shipmates as his "gentleman's voice."

Many dog-watch talks, on divers subjects, did I have with Sails—as he was commonly known; but ships and the things of the sea were his chief topic. His tales of gales, and calms, and ships; of lights, and islands, and ships; of sailormen and ships; of cities, and ships again—where could I stop, once I had told the first of them? He knew the sea in its thousand bewildering phases. He knew, too, and understood, the men of the sea as almost none other could know them. For he had the eye to see, the mind to grasp and appreciate, the tongue to tell. With the brow of a savant and the mouth of a

sensualist, with his "gentleman's voice" and ungentlemanly vocabulary, with his huge-boned frame and gnarly distorted hands, his piercing and understanding eye, his child-like wiliness and irrelevancy, MacEvoy's was a personality to command one's interest and speculation—a figure that cannot, surely, have its counterpart in the fo'c'sle of any ship that floats.

There was one very human feature about Sails, one typical of the salt-water element in him. He had a grievance.

This grievance was against steamships. He had no good word for them. They bred, not sailors, but coolies; "cumbersome, lifeless things with noisy insides"; "brass buttons and saluting"; "manned by engine-drivers." Sails tinged his phrases with a slangy sarcasm unworthy of and unlike him whenever he spoke of steam vessels. He had, at one period of his varied career, been forced by circumstances into a line of tramp steamers, and later, for one voyage, into a fine modern mailboat that he had hated with the almost fanatical hatred of a wholly sail-bred man. It was the (to him) disastrous ending of this particular voyage that had furnished the nucleus of the aforesaid grievance, whose sting a lapse of nearly two decades had not sufficed to heal.

The history of the voyage was interesting, and he a no less interesting raconteur as I remember him giving it to me, one balmy afternoon off Corvo. He was sitting for'ard with his back against the forehatch, a neglected wire-splice over his knees, attired only in dungaree pants and a singlet, with largely-made limbs sprawling over more than one man's share of deck, and his straggly, sparse beard, stained by imperfectly chewed tobacco, wobbling and jerking under press of narrative.

It had been a large passenger vessel, single-screwed, with a Lascar crew and white petty-officers; he was on the articles as lamp-trimmer—"trimming wicks and mixing paints, a steamship sailor's job"; the captain, after having served only his apprenticeship in sail, had forsaken the poop for the bridge; the officers chanced to be all steam-bred men, "such as know which side to swing a derrick, and how to tally a truck of mails. We don't call them 'sailors.'" Bound from Punta Arenas

to Adelaide and making to the south'ard on a great-circle track, set to the south'ard again by a nor'westerly gale that refused to shift on its text-book orbit, south of the usual track of what shipping is to be found down there, before the days of wireless telegraphy, they had felt one night a grinding race from the engines, and then the throbbing had died down, and ceased.

"The captain came to me after a bit," told Sails. "'Our propeller's gone to hell, away fathoms down,' he says, 'and now we're drifting away into the Southern Ocean, and we'll get among the ice, and the women'll scream, and the food'll begin to run short. See here, Lamps,' he says shortly, 'we've got to get her under command, and you're the only wind-bag man amongst us, except myself'—he gave a little queer laugh. 'Well, I'll give her up to you—you know more about it than I do. You're captain now till you've got some sail on to her—see? We can't tip her here—we can't tip her; the sea'll never let us. And besides, the Chief says the shaft is gone. So it's sail for us, Lamps, and get her into the track or get her into port. *I'll* see to that part—*I'll* get her somewhere'—he stared out to the horizon and gave a kind of choke—'but you've got to fix her so that I can do it—you savvy that, Lamps? Use the derricks!' he says, suddenly beginning to shout. 'Use the awnings! Use tarpaulins! Use anything you can think of—but get some sail on to her, man, for God's sake!' That's how he ended. And he wouldn't have spoken like that unless things were so bad that he hardly cared what he said—for he was always wonderfully dignified in his dealings with us sailors," explained MacEvoy simply. "So I took the job of rigging her for sail, and he helped me all that he could, though the passengers drove him nigh crazy with their questionings."

He described the days and nights that followed, while he transformed the drifting, useless hulk into a manageable thing of life: how the captain gave him complete control, upholding his orders with the weight of his own authority, and compelling his at first reluctant officers to do the same; how the passengers kept to their games and concerts, believing that "everything would be all right in a day or two"—getting in the way of the work

by day and sleeping sound o' nights, after the custom of their class; how the Latitude, posted every day at noon, stole ever farther and farther south, while the captain grew silent and careworn, untidy in his dress, subject to hysterical spasms of manual labour side by side with his black crew, and prone to quick tempers; how the mate, "a steam-bred whelp," took up an attitude of passive resistance none the less real for its danger and absurdity—mistrusting the competence of the lamp-trimmer, loathing the conditions that made such a distribution of authority necessary, inwardly lamenting his own lack of sail-lore, pregnant with a burden of undeclared antagonism of whose unreasonableness he must have been fully aware.

"Until at last he took to making plans of the rigging," quoth Sails, "natty little things drawn to scale, that showed to what length I ought to cut the braces and buntlines! At other times he would employ himself 'reassuring the passengers'" (this in his "gentleman's voice"). "*He* never forgot to shave in the morning, didn't the mate! *He* never took off his coat and did the horsework, like the other officers!"

He described, too, with a plethora of technicalities, the actual detail of the work that he did, and what he had to leave undone for want of material.

The baby masts had to be fished to stand the coming strain of surging canvas. Backstays, rigging, stays, all had to be overhauled or strengthened, or replaced where necessary—"the officers could do that." Derricks had to be scarfed to form the yards. The jigger-mast, because it was too far aft, and would give the ship "weather 'el-um" if used for sail, was permanently unstepped and disrated, becoming the foreyard. Trusses and cranes were made out of kedge anchors. Mooring chains served as parrals. Ridge-ropes became bolt-ropes. The white carpenter manufactured blocks (with soft-wood sheaves).

And then, the sails. MacEvoy waxed serious even now, with many head-shakings, at the mere memory of those sails.

"I cut every one myself, little time as I had to spare for them; and of what I cut them out—before Heaven I couldn't tell you! The hatches were stripped of all

but one tarpaulin each before I had finished. Boat covers, cotton canvas, tarpaulin canvas, awnings, even duck canvas, we ate them all, every piece of them! And we wasted nothing. Buntline cloths and lining cloths—there were none on those sails: I reduced the tabling to the least possible quarter-inch. They were funny sails—very, very funny sails. The four white quartermasters could sew quartermaster-fashion. One of the Lascars had sometimes used a palm-and-needle. The third officer knew just something theoretically of sail-making. So we put them at it, black and white together, homeward-bound stitches and all: and now and then I would run from the thousand things that I was doing all at once to see what sort of shape they were making.

"It was hard work, I tell you—all of it. Cold, wet, hard work! For we had drifted down by now into the heart of the Westerlies—the captain told me that: a touch of south would come in now and again off the ice with clear weather, and then the wind would haul back to west, with squalls, and hail, and hissing sea."

Came the day when masts and yards were ready for their new task—the sails bent and the gear rove; when the captain had a shave and changed his clothes; when MacEvoy went to sleep; when the passengers flocked to the boat-deck and cheered immoderately; when the water began, once more, to slide spuming past the sides. One can imagine their feelings when the sails bellied and the sheets began to crack. Perhaps, too, one can imagine the feelings of the man who had done it all.

"Fores'l, mains'l, we had," chanted MacEvoy to me in prideful saga. "Main and mizzen tops'l, fore double tops'l, fore topm'st stays'l. We 'set a course under all plain sail,' as they say in the seamanship books, and there were some glad hearts in the ship that day.

"We had hard times, though, hard times and times when I thought that our gear would never stand. It was not all play, I tell you—we were not out of it yet. But the worst of it was over—or so we could hope, and, hoping, could stand what was to come.

"It was Kalashee watches—all hands. Sailors, firemen, officers. When the wind shifted the captain and myself would trim the yards, he giving his orders. We

slept when we could: we ate when we could. With a fair wind—and it was usually fair down where we were—we would slip along at our four knots, making our course, though the steering was very wild. When the wind slipped to the north of nor'-west we had to reduce her to bare poles, for she would not sail on a wind, that ship.

"Sometimes we would meander along for days together, without touching a brace—those were the times that we used to sleep, dreaming of port. And sometimes things would pipe up of a sudden and the big west wind come raving and shrieking about our ears, with a falling glass; so we would have them all out—white men, black men, firemen, sailormen (some of them couldn't so much as make a clove-hitch), and we 'ud scoff the canvas as best we could, and clamber down to deck, and go to sleep, letting her drift till the weather eased. . . But we sailed her into Cape Town, we did—fourteen hundred miles—and dropped our hook in the bay with the flags flying and the orchestra playing on deck.

"There was a fuss made about it all, I tell you, a great, big, fuss! There were dinners, and speeches, and presentations, and what-not. The officers, they each got a cheque; and the captain, he got a cheque from the underwriters, and a purse and a gold watch from the passengers, and a medal, and a sextant from somebody else, and something fat from the owners, I'll warrant. Well—he deserved it! I have never said that he didn't deserve it, every bit."

MacEvoy's voice died away, and he began to work very diligently at his wire-splice.

"And you?" I asked, breathless. "You? What did *you* get?"

Sails laid down his marlin-spike again and looked me deliberately in the eyes for a long moment.

"I got a five-pound note," he replied at last, distinctly, in his most gentlemanly "gentleman's voice." "That was from the captain. From the mate I got the sack. The—the blasted sack!" he amended, wilfully. "He told me I was no good as lamp-trimmer—neglected my work."

Sir Thomas Browne *en famille*

By Arthur J. Ashton

I

Sir Thomas Browne has been well described as one of the mental aristocrats of our literature. "If there be any among the common objects of hatred I do contemn and laugh at," he writes in the "Religio Medici," "it is that great enemy of reason, virtue, and religion, the multitude; that numerous piece of monstrosity, which, taken asunder, seem men and the reasonable creatures of God, but confused together, make but one great beast and a monstrosity more prodigious than Hydra." At the time when his country was distracted by civil war he sat in the seclusion of his study pondering on such nugatory and fastidious questions as: What song did the Sirens sing? Whether Noah might not be the first man that encompassed the globe; whether there be any numerical mystery in the omission of the benediction of the second day; what name did Achilles bear among the daughters of the King of Scyros; and (on a lower plane) whether the heads of all mummies have the mouths open and why; whether a true emerald feels colder in the mouth than another; or whether the feeding on carp be so apt to bring on fits of the gout as Julius Alexandrinus affirmeth. His style varies between the cumbrous hyper-latinism of his "Christian Morals" and the stately eloquence of his "Urn Burial." In the former he could write: "Move circumspectly not meticulously and rather carefully solicitous than anxiously solicitudinous"; or "Festination may prove precipitation; deliberating delay may be wise cunctation and slowness no slothfulness"; while the latter and "The Garden of Cyrus" contain passages which are justly quoted in our anthologies as notable examples of rhythmic prose. As Mr. Arthur Symons says: "He improvized solemn cathedral voluntaries upon the organ of our language in its period of cumbrous and scholastic pomp."

A scholar of encyclopædic knowledge, he was at the same time the child of his age, sharing the popular belief in astrology and alchemy, in witchcraft and magic; and the only blot upon his fair fame is the fact that his evidence in a trial for witchcraft was decisive in securing the death of the victims.

But there is another Sir Thomas Browne, revealed in the family correspondence, over which, to adapt his own words, the iniquity of oblivion hath not blindly scattered her poppy. Many of the letters that passed between him and the members of his family have been preserved, and from them we can visualize a Sir Thomas *déboutonné*, so to speak, exchanging the buskin for the domestic pantoufles. Sir Leslie Stephen makes the happy suggestion that in Sir Thomas we can find a blend of the two illustrious brothers Shandy. He has "the exquisite kindliness and simplicity of Uncle Toby and the omnivorous intellectual appetite and the humorous pedantry of the head of the family." Here is no longer the lord of fine language and the propounder of Œdipus riddles, but the father; and not the "heavy father," but the father who is at the same time a friend, keenly interested in every step in his children's careers, retailing home and local news and occasionally adding a shrewd comment on the political situation. It is possible from these letters to realize, however faintly, the family life of the most famous citizen of Norwich in the seventeenth century.

In spite of his preoccupation with urns and barrows and other paraphernalia of death, Sir Thomas was one of the happiest of men. "Let me not injure the felicity of others," he writes in a passage of "Religio Medici," afterwards suppressed, "if I say that I am the happiest man alive. . . . I am more invulnerable than Achilles: fortune hath not one place to hit me." His home and garden in Norwich are described by the diarist Evelyn as "a paradise and cabinet of rarities and that of the best collections, especially medals, books, plants, and natural things." Though of marriage in the abstract he has said some hard things, there is every reason to believe that he was very happily married. The only extant portrait of Dame Dorothy is the one recently brought to light at

a sale at Swaffham Prior, and reproduced as frontispiece to Mr. Geoffrey L. Keynes's bibliography of Sir Thomas Browne (1924). The dominant note in her face is one of placid kindliness, and one imagines her rather as the loving mother and housewife than as the sharer of her husband's intellectual pleasures. Whitefoot describes her as "a lady of such symmetrical proportion to her worthy husband, in the graces of her body and mind, that they seemed to come together by a kind of natural magnetism." She is known to us only by those engaging little post-scripts to her husband's letters to his sons to which reference will be made later.

The eldest son, Edward, who survived to the beginning of the eighteenth century, followed his father's profession, practised in London, and rose to be president of the Royal College of Physicians. The Grub Street report that he owed his success to the favour of one of Charles the Second's mistresses has no foundation in fact. He is described as a man of general capacity and interesting conversation. The second son, Thomas, entered the Navy in 1664, and acquitted himself with great distinction in the war against the Dutch during the three following years. We lose all trace of him after 1667, and can only assume from occasional references in the later correspondence that he died in or about that year. Of the seven daughters, with one exception, we know little more than the names. The exception is Elizabeth, or Betty, who was her father's faithful reader and companion until her marriage in 1680 to Captain George Lyttleton, whom she accompanied to Guernsey where he held an official post. Dame Dorothy writes of her son-in-law: "Hee is of a very good humour and temprat as can be and sartainly as agreeable as ever cuple war." Elizabeth's commonplace book has been preserved and an entry in her father's hand contains a list of the "books which my daughter Elizabeth hath read unto me at nights till she read them all out." Poor Betty! one would like to have her private reflections on such entries as: "all Appian's wars, all the Turkish history, all the history of China, all Josephus and some hundreds of sermons!" Such are only a few of the formidable list. That she was a serious young person may be inferred from her father's

letter to her after her departure to Guernsey: "Thou didst use to pass away much of thy time alone by thyself in sober ways and good actions so that no place how solitary soever can be strange to thee nor indeed solitary, since God whom thou servest is everywhere with thee . . . I am glad you carried good books and sermons." There is a touch of worldliness, however, in Sir Thomas's later report of her to Edward: "She sayth she already hath eat the best lobsters and artichoaks she ever eat and had a present of 24 carpes, the biggest she ever sawe and the biggest eeles."

An interesting entry in her commonplace book is an "Incomium of Consumptions" which "have so well deserved as to this and the other world, giving a merciful conclusion to the one, a solemn preparation to the other. He that prays against tormenting diseases or sudden death hath his lettany heard in this disease, wherein a man is led, not torn, unto his transition, may number his days and even his last hours and speak unto his Saviour when he is within a moment of Him."

The name "Mary" scrawled across a page of the book in a childish hand is the sole memorial extant of a younger sister. Anne, the eldest daughter, became the wife of Henry Fairfax and settled in London not far from her brother Edward. She is always referred to in her father's letters as "my daughter Fairfax." That she had her married troubles may be inferred from one of his letters to Edward: "Hazard not your own health by any intemperance with Henry Fairfax, for men who must have drink and company are content with any and are little obliged by compliance or joint intemperance. . . . 'Tis the greatest friendship that can be testified, to deliver them from excess which destroys themselves at last and their children before."

With Edward Browne we can become almost intimate, for in addition to his correspondence with his father we possess not only a brief diary, written when he was twenty years of age, but also "A brief account of some travels in divers parts of Europe," published in 1673. The diary covers the greater part of the year 1664 and begins at the turn of the year in Norwich. Accounts of the social gaieties of the season alternate very quaintly with the

record of his early experiments in anatomy. The centre of social life in Norwich was the Duke of Norfolk's palace, then occupied by his brother Mr. Henry Howard (afterwards sixth Duke of Norfolk) who " kept his Christmas this year so magnificently as the like was never seen. They had dancing every night and gave entertainments to all that would come; he built up a room on purpose to dance in, very large and hung with the bravest hangings I ever saw. . . . Three coaches were employed to fetch ladies every afternoon, the greatest of which would hold 14 persons."

" Jan. 4. I went to Mr. Howard's dancing at night; our greatest beauties were Mdm. Eliz. Cradock, Eliz. Houghton, Ms. Philpot, Ms. Yallop; afterwards to the banquet and so home. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

" Jan. 6. His gates were opened and such a number of people flocked in, that all the beer they could set out in the streets could not divert the stream of the multitude till very late at night.

" Feb. 13. We drew valentines and danced this night at Mr. Howard's. He was gat by Ms. Liddy Houghton and my sister Betty by him."

With all these diversions his medical studies were not neglected. We read that he cut up a bull's heart, opened a dog, took out the bones of the carpum in a monkey's forehead, boiled the forefoot of a monkey and took out all the bones, went to the butcher's and saw a sheep cut up, saw a polypus which was taken out of Mr. Townsend's nose, dissected a badger and on Feb. 16 received his first fee of ten shillings for visiting an old man in a fever. One entry excites our curiosity only to disappoint it: " I went to see a serpent that a woman living in St. Gregorie's churchyard had vomited up but she had burnt it before I came." A certain Dr. de Veau visits the city and young Edward is deputed to show him its " lions." The doctor boasts of a febrifuge powder of his own invention, but the opportunity of testing it is lacking, the only case of ague in the town " being but moderate and in the declension, so that it was thought too mean a disease to try the strength and efficacy of his so extolled powder." One sees that Edward is already jealous for the honour of his profession in Norwich.

One quite irrelevant entry seems to indicate that he was sometimes one of the audience at his sister Betty's evening readings from the "History of China": "There are one million of soelgers [*sic*] to guard the great wall of China which extends from east to west 300 leagues."

Towards the end of February he rode to London to stay a few days with his cousins in Clerkenwell. He attended anatomy lectures at Chirurgeons Hall and as a change from the "small deer" he had worked on at home saw a "humane" body dissected. In an evening walk in St. James's Park he noted among many strange creatures "a stork which having broke its own leg, had a wooden leg set on, which it doth use very dexterously."

On Mar. 27 he took leave of his friends in Norwich and with the blessings and tips of his relatives set out for France. He rode on horseback to London, where he found time to measure the "pell mell" in St. James's Park (he had a passion for statistics) and to wait upon his friends; passed by boat down the Thames to Gravesend and thence on horseback by way of Rochester and Canterbury, where he visited the "extreme neat Cathedral church" and paced out its breadth, to Dover. There he stayed two nights, visited the Castle where he saw "a very big gun called Basiliscus, 23 foot, 8 in. long which was very neatly carved"; saw a catch of lobsters, examined the habits of limpets and the nature of divers herbs and obtained his passport. On April 6 he crossed to Calais in the packet boat in four hours for five shillings. In Calais his "portmantle" was searched and he had "5 sols" to pay. "I was not sick at all upon the sea," he writes, "but yet could hardly forbear spuing at the first sight of the French women; they are most of them of such a tawny, sapy, base complection and have such ugly faces which they here set out with a dress would fright the divell."

The journey from Calais to Paris occupied five days and the only contretemps was at Montreuil, where owing to his having neglected to take a pass at Calais, his "portmantle" was again searched and "I had like to lose my stockins, but one that travayled along with me could speak both English and French, who perswaded them I was no merchant and with fair words I got off." In

Paris he hired a chamber in the Rue St. Zacharie for seven livres a month and with the words "So, je vous souhaite le bon soir," this part of the diary ends.

The remainder (April to August) is concerned with his life in Paris. Armed with introductions from his father, whose reputation extended beyond his own country, he found opportunities of continuing his medical studies by attendance at operations and lectures, though the latter brought him little profit owing to his slender acquaintance with French. Of Dr. Patin he writes: "He is the maddest fellow for a professor that ever I heard speak, but I was much disappointed in my expectation of understanding all he said by reason he used the French tongue so much."

He soon exchanged his chamber in the Rue St. Zacharie for a "pension," in which he had the company of seven or eight others, including two "Abbots," and of which he writes: "We are well treated here and have cream every day for our desert." There is no indication that during his stay in that seductive city his moral behaviour was other than highly correct. He tells us in one entry that in a walk with two French friends upon Pont Neuf they "encountered Tom Coryat's mistress (Coryat of the "Crudities" was evidently no saint), and finding me to be no admirer of such sort of cattell they shirked me off to my no small contentment." He attended the Protestant church at Charenton (this was twenty years before the revocation of the edict of Nantes) on Sundays and on June 8 we learn that he was present at two diets of worship and took an Arcadian repast of bread and cherries in the interval. Stout Protestant though he was, he was his father's son in his anxiety not to offend Catholic susceptibilities, though, as he remarks, in describing his visits to the churches of Paris: "My flesh being tender, I dare not venture to kneel, though a great many images invited me, for fear of making a skeleton of my knees." His sightseeing was almost as thorough as the Baconian prescription in the essay "On Travel," for it included an execution. On August 7 he saw a man hanged for robbing his master; he comments on the method of procedure and describes the hangman as "a very gentile blade."

Though he acquired enough French to make his sojourn more profitable, he, like many another traveller, found it sometimes quite inadequate to express his feelings. On one occasion he and a Mr. Hopkins hired a boat to carry them to St. Cloud, "but the rogue waterman set us down scarce half-way and swore and made a hideous noise as most Frenchmen do, so that we hired him no farther. We employed all the French we had against him, and at last gave him half the money and walked over the Bois de Boulogne."

A letter from his father in June, in which he fixed Michaelmas as the limit of his stay abroad, disturbed him very seriously. "It put me in doleful dumps and spoiled all the fine Chymeras and geographical ideas that I had formed in my head of seeing Spain, Italy, Germany, and I cannot tell how many countries and people." Whether the cause was this upsetting of his hopes, or the heats of summer or dietetic experiments, we cannot say, but during the whole of July he was seriously indisposed, and the purgings and bleedings that he records must have reduced him to a shadow. Weary of a diet of "tisane," he ventured one day on an "ammuliet" (presumably an omelette) for his dinner, and a little later on a pullet, an indulgence which produced a serious relapse. However, at the end of August he was well enough to go to Montpellier, but of his life there we have no record.

In 1668 he was "off the chain" again, and this time he defied the parental authority and carried his inquiring eye as far as the Balkan countries. The account of these travels (apart from papers contributed to the Royal Society) constitutes Edward Browne's sole claim to authorship. Johnson spoke of the book with small respect, but the poet Flatman made it the subject of eulogy. Comparing Edward Browne with rich merchants who come from foreign climes and unlade their rarities at home, he goes on:

> Both undergoe an acceptable toyle
> With treasures to enrich their native soyle;
> They for themselves, for others, you unfold
> A cargo swoln with diamonds and gold;
> With undefatigable travels, they
> The trading world, the learned, you survey.

The writer has none of his father's imaginative power and quaint humour. He is merely a shrewd and diligent observer of insatiable curiosity, who has written a very unpretentious and workmanlike account of his observations. Mines, mineral springs, antiquities, fortifications, architecture, customs and manners, and diet—all is grist that comes to his mill, and he is not content with a superficial view. "I like it well," writes his father, "that you take notice of so many particularities. Enquire also after the policy and government of places, observe the several fish and fowl in the markets and their names."

Passing through Germany twenty years after the end of the devastating Thirty Years War, he notes its recuperative power. "Germany is a hive of men and the mighty destruction of men made by the last German wars and by the plague is so repaired that it is scarce discernible. They are fruitful and full of children." In Vienna he saw the "Emperour at Chapelle; he hath a very remarkable aspect and the Austrian lip extraordinarily. His sisters are very sweet, beautiful ladies." The dividing line between East and West was then nearer Central Europe than it is now, for the Turk was still entrenched in Hungary, and Edward notes that at Buda he "seems to enter upon a new stage of the world, quite different from that of the Western countries; for he then bids adieu to Hair on the Head, Bands, Cuffs, Hats, Gloves, Beds, and Beer, and enters upon Habits, Manners, and course of life which, with no great variety, but under some conformity extend into China and the utmost part of Asia."

He must have had the *Wanderlust* strong upon him to have ventured so far into the Turkish dominions as Bulgaria. It is interesting to note, by the way, that he speaks of Bulgaria and the Bulgarians, while Kinglake passing through the same country 200 years later, does not even mention the names, so completely had their nationality been submerged in the intervening centuries.

It says much for his *savoir-vivre* that he came through his long wanderings without misadventure, though his peace of mind must have been seriously disturbed by the remonstrances of his father. "I hope, Sir," he writes, "you will forgive me this excursion. I know, Sir, that

you cannot but reasonably be offended with my long stay abroad, especially in countries of small literature." Even the appeals of Betty and of Dame Dorothy conveyed in postscripts to his father's letters did not avail to move him. "Everybody you left, they all desire to see you, chiefly your affectionate sister," writes Betty; and his mother adds: "I am sorry to heer your coming home is defured, for there is nothing we all desire more than to see you." Sir Thomas might protest, but he never translated his protests into action and cut off supplies, as Wordsworth's guardians did, to secure the return of their ward. He was not only troubled by the risk and expense of so extended a tour, but afraid lest it should delay his son's professional career. "Have always," he writes, "some physic treatise to read often, lest the varietie of objects unsettle the notions of it."

Sir Thomas's practical advice in his letters is applicable to travellers of all time:

> Burden not yourself with superfluous luggage and if you buy anything, let it be of easy portage.
>
> Keep yourself still temperate, which virtue may conserve your parts. I doubt not you will be warie of the vice of the country.
>
> I think travayling by night in these parts and in winter very uncomfortable and hazardous unto health.
>
> Though your body be in motion, maintain a tranquillitie and smoothness of mind which will better conserve to health.

Edward's letters, however, show that he was quite capable of safeguarding his health. "I have drunk pure wine ever since I came into Italy," he writes from Venice, "but I now begin to drink all water or very little wine with it. Temperance and an umbrella must be my defence against the heats." At Arles, we hear of a "warming"-pan of ice to cool the sheets.

Five years later, in 1673, Edward managed to arrange another tour, but this time he was in the distinguished company of Lord Peterborough and two knights from the City of London, and their movements did not extend beyond the Low Countries and Germany.

From 1675 we may picture him as married and settled in Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, as lecturer in the College of Physicians and general practitioner. His correspondence with Norwich was brisk from now onwards, and

there is no doubt that he was indebted to his father for material for his lectures and for assistance in his professional engagements.

The old doctor's keenness did not abate with years. He wants to know all the latest achievements of medical and surgical practice in London. Reproaching his son for not sending him fuller details of an experiment he says: "I take little pleasure to drink of the waters of knowledge *instar canis ad Nilum*, or as the saying is, 'a lick and away' if I can help it." Edward's position in London gave him opportunities that were lacking in Norwich, and his father encourages him to take full advantage of them. "When the weather proves cold and fit for dissection," he writes, "take notice of a beare; 'tis commonly said that a beare hath no breast-bone and that he cannot well run down a hill, his heart will so come up towards his throat." Sometimes he is pleasantly reminiscent of cases he has treated in the past. He tells of Sir Edward Bacon's father, who had "such an excruciating dysuria acrimonia that he was beyond all patience and it being at that time of year when peaches were in season I wished him to eat six or seven peaches; but before the morning he ate twenty-five and found extraordinary relief and the pain ceased!"

The paternal note is only occasionally struck. Always a foe to any kind of excess, he warns Edward not to let tobacco gain too much on him owing to "the great incommodities that may ensue and the bewitching quality of it, which draws a man to take more and more, the longer he hath taken it." And so of food: "I am glad you like a plain diet; affect but ordinary sauces." He advises the habit of saving: "You have had some extraordinary patients this year, which perhaps some years will not afford. Now is your time to be frugal and lay up. I thought myself rich enough till my children grew up." And he once reminds Edward that his education had been "more chargeable than all the rest put together." From a later letter we learn that this wise counsel was not lost upon Edward and that he was seeking a sound investment for his savings. Sir Thomas does not advise East India Company stock for the double reason that it is hard to get the money out and that the

considerable profit goes to the officers. His uncle Browne had £800 in it and had to sell at last " to his great disadvantage." He foresees an interruption to the Company's trade " when the French grow powerful and busy in the Indies "—a forecast of the crisis a hundred years later. From time to time the doctor urges his son to continue his study of Greek and Latin. " I hope you do not forget to carry a Greek Testament always to church; in reading which a man learns two good things and profiteth doubly in the language and the subject." He sends him a copy of Lucretius, so that he may verify his quotations but otherwise does not recommend it, " there being divers impieties in it and 'tis no credit to be punctually versed in it." He also advises him " to cast an eye on Martial."

The chief interest of Sir Thomas's letters, however, is in their pleasant gossip about Norwich people and Norwich affairs. We hear of the sad end of Mr. Thomas Peck. " They say he drank daily a quart bottle of claret before dinner, one at dinner and one at night. He died suddenly, none being with him. Surely if he had lived a little longer, he would have utterly spoiled his brayne and been lost unto all conversation. Happy is the temperate man. God send all my friends that virtue!" We should like to know more of Mr. Hombarton, who " whenever his brayne is distempered, resolves upon a journey to London and there shows himself, acts his part and returns home better composed." Another letter contains disquieting news about Edward's cousin, Mr. Robert Bendish, who seems to be the black sheep of the Norwich clan. He has been seen in London " at a coffee-house, in a high distraction, breaking windowes and doing outrageous things, so that they are fayne to lay hold of him. . . . Now if you heare of any such distraction or what is become of him, you may give a touch thereof in any of your letters but I would not urge you to be buisine therein. . . . These are the sad ends of many dissolute and governless persons, who, if they be of a sheepish temper, runne into melancholy or futaity, and if they prove haughtie and obstinate, into a maniacal madnesse." Mrs. Edward seems to have been somewhat careless of social etiquette, for in announcing the visit of

his friend Mr. Deane Astley to London, Sir Thomas warns his son that Dame Astley had taken " some acceptions " that, when she visited " yourself and wife, the visit was not returned."

In the letter of May 7, 1679, there is an interesting account of the Parliamentary election for the county of Norfolk. There had recently been complaints in the House of miscarriages and ill practices in the Norwich elections, but on this occasion Sir Thomas reports that " all was civilly carryed at the hill and I do not heare of any rude or unhandsome caryadge, the competitors having the week before sett down rules and agreed upon articles for their regular and quiet proceeding." The two members chosen were " caryed on chayres about the market place after 11 o'clock, with trumpets and torches, candles being lighted at windowes and the market place full of people." The poll was the largest in Sir Thomas's memory and he notes that there were between five and six thousand horses in the city, not including coach and saddle horses. " There was a strange consumption of beere and bread and cakes, abundance of people slept in the market place and laye like flocks of sheep in and about the Crosse." Notwithstanding what Sir Thomas calls the civil carriage of the proceedings, there was a petition filed against the leading candidate, which, however, proved unsuccessful. This was the Parliament which met in May, was prorogued before the end of the month and dissolved in July !

Extravagance in dress has been a subject for the moralist in all ages, and in the seventeenth century it was not confined to the metropolis. Sir Thomas complains that "excess in apparell and chargeable dresses are got into the country, especially among women; men go decently and playn enough. The last assizes there was a concourse of Woeman at that they call my Lord's garden in Cunisford and so richly dressed that some stranger sayd there was scarce the like to be seen at Hide Park, which makes charity cold."

Sir Thomas seems to have been on friendly terms with H.M. Charles the Second, who, in his periodical visits to Newmarket, sometimes made a detour by way of Norwich; indeed, it was on one of these occasions, in

1671, that the doctor received his knighthood. The "pleasant, brown-faced gentleman," as J. R. Green calls him, had some interests outside his cards and horses and mistresses and the exciting game of politics. He had a chemical laboratory at Whitehall, and followed the proceedings of the newly-founded Royal Society. The doctor reminds Edward that he was present in 1671 when a dolphin was dissected in the presence of the King, and that the "draughts" Edward had taken of the several parts were sent for H.M.'s gracious acceptance; and in a letter of 1676 we hear that Dame Dorothy has cooked and dressed a dolphin, "so as to make an excellent savoury dish of it and the King being at Newmarket, I sent collars thereof to his table, which was very well liked of." There are two references to the prevalent belief in the efficacy of the royal touch in the scrofulous affliction called "the evil." "Mrs. Vardon," writes Sir Thomas, "went to London to have her sonne touched; she was very earnest to do so, being very hard to admit of medicines"; the last remark implying that the doctor's professional pride was hurt. Writing in 1678, he says: "H.M. cometh this day to Newmarket and I shall have occasion to write unto Serjeant Knight and send certificates for the evill for divers."

One may detect a note of censure in a later letter: "Most men are well contented that H.M. should not staye at Newmarket so long as it was given out that he intended; for the country is still sickly, the wether uncertaine, and it rayneth allmost daylie; so that the chief diversions are within doores by cockfighting and playes. The players being so numerous that they have sent out a colonie to Bury, of whom a lady who was there at a play gave me a most tragicall and lamentable description." Profiteering is not confined to the present century, for we learn that a guinea was demanded for a night's lodging during the racing season, which, as the doctor opines, "will make divers wearie of Newmarket."

On the other hand, it is pleasant to record that Charles was sometimes "on the side of the angels." The Mayor of Norwich was accused by the chief brewers and excisemen of the town of hindering the King's profit by putting down some ale-houses and denying the licence to others,

and was summoned before the King's Council. "But when he had showen that he did but what the Law required of him, that there were still an unreasonable number of ale-houses and that they were a great occasion of povertie and debaucherie in the town, he was dismissed with commendations. H.M. soone perceaved the excisemen and brewers made a cloake of his interest for their own and would not have his subjects debauched and impoverished on his account."

Sir Thomas supplemented the numerous medical topics discussed in the correspondence with a commonplace book compiled for Edward's "discourse and consideration." He suggests that he should single out one topic daily, "which may be a daily recreation unto you and employ your evening hours where your affairs afford you the conversation of studious and learned friends." Among the various conundrums propounded for these symposia one finds such questions as the following:

> Why solipeds arise with their forelegs first, bisulcous with their hinder?
>
> Whether till after forty days children though they cry weep not?
>
> Why a pig held up by the tail leaves squeaking?
>
> Whether great-ear'd persons have short necks, long feet, and loose bellies?

We may now leave Dr. Edward Browne to the enjoyment of his lucrative practice, to his successive medical honours, and to the solution of these obscure problems, and turn next month to Thomas, who in his short life of twenty-one years developed a much more distinct personality than his elder brother, and "Tomey," the grandson.

(*To be continued.*)

Time and The Woman

By P. A. Vaile

TIME is woman's greatest obsession. She fears it from a very early age, and the moment she begins to fear it, "it has her down," and instead of being her greatest ally it becomes her worst enemy. Indeed, it is hard to say that man is much better than woman in this respect. Woman's fear of time is, however, wholly personal, whereas man's is nearly always in relation to his occupation or business pursuits.

Fear has been conclusively proved by a high official of the Smithsonian Institute actually to have a toxic effect on the body. By conclusive tests he showed that fear produced chemical changes of a deleterious nature in one's blood. It is not, therefore, difficult to understand that anyone, who goes in fear continually, is all the time suffering injury, an injury that is all the more dangerous because it is totally unsuspected by the victims.

Women begin to be afraid of time before they are out of their teens. At this time their main obsession is that they must get a husband before "old age" in the early twenties comes upon them. After they have got the husband, they have the spectre of the thirty-year mark always in front of them, until in due course they quite naturally arrive, in a very short time after they have passed the dreaded "thirty mark," at a very precarious mental condition. This makes them think that they are at a decided disadvantage with those who are ten years or so younger than they are, whereas, with a clever woman, the boot is on the other leg, up to forty even—and sometimes beyond that.

In these days when everyone is Coue-Coue (the e is silent here) it need not be emphasized that all who suffer from this obsession are continually using the worst class of auto-suggestion; that, instead of persistently thinking that their strength and usefulness are increasing, they are, in the most insidious way, allowing a totally wrong class of thought to obsess them.

Now, the root of all this injurious thought is the

basically erroneous idea of time that obsesses nearly everyone, both male and female, but especially the female. The popular conception of time is that it is out in front, ahead of one, and that each second, each minute, each hour, each day, each month, each year that "goes by" is something lost, something gone, something taken from one.

This curious idea has become prevalent from our seeing time marked up in little squares on almanacs and calendars wherefrom we mark off a block each day, and on funny machines called clocks or watches. We have thus come to look on time almost as a heap of children's playing bricks whence we daily extract one and throw it away.

Quite recently I challenged a friend, who thinks that he has thought, thus:

"Answer me now the question I am going to ask you without a moment's hesitation, will you?"

He promised that he would.

"Tell me, then," said I, "have you not associated time in your mind with linear measure?" and he promptly admitted that he had. For him, time was a tenuous thread reaching away out in front which became shorter and shorter each day—the thread of life! Can anyone conceive anything narrower and more unsatisfactory? Yet it is the thought of millions of human beings to-day.

Personally, I long ago gave up thinking about time as it is commonly expressed and understood. To me time is "all one block." It is around me and about me as much as space and eternity, and I am a part of it and move with it, if, indeed, it or I do move, and about that I do not even trouble to speculate, for there is peace and rest and strength in my present conception that put the common idea of time in the discard as a nuisance and a poison.

We have all heard the old gag: *Tempus fugit* (Time flies). Well, time does not flee. Time *stays*. Time *is*. And no worrying of ours can alter it any more than we can affect space or eternity.

Recently I left an office in the evening with a friend. "Well," said he, "here's another day gone." "Don't

say that," I replied. "It is not another day that *has gone*. It is another day that *has come*. You had lunch with me to-day. You didn't think or say that it was another lunch that had gone. Well, as with that food, so with to-day. You have had it. It has gone into you and will help to build you up."

The popular conception of time as being out ahead of one and of being partially lost each day and of wearing one out day by day is simply pernicious and poisonous. Rather should we think of time as coming from behind and going into us, building us up and pushing us up higher and higher toward what is better and greater than what we are doing now.

Look round any great city. Are the days gone that built it? No, indeed, they are not "gone," in the sense in which this word is used, any more than are the days that go into any good man or woman.

Time is a builder, not a destroyer and a waster. How often do we hear the expression used of some one that he is "wasting time!" It is impossible to waste time. What is meant is that one is wasting oneself, and that, indeed, is easy to do.

Let us imagine that we lived in a land of perpetual daylight. Should we then think of time quite as we do now, when the night and the day make natural and convenient divisions? There is room for some little thought here. As it is, the popular idea of the sands of time running away, even as in an hour-glass, has become quite a painful obsession with countless thousands of people, particularly in America, where so many mistake haste for speed that they never actually give themselves a chance to develop any real pace. This is shown in a most pronounced manner by many business men. They are so obsessed by it that it actually prevents them from giving full and proper attention to the matter with which they are dealing.

Some few years ago in New York I was discussing some business with the manager of one of the great magazines and I perceived that his mind was wandering.

"Here," I said sharply, "for goodness' sake knock off thinking of that important appointment down the street that you haven't got, and attend to me."

He fairly slumped into his chair, burst out laughing, and said, "You're dead right; but how did you get on to it?"

"Get on to it?" I said. "Why, it's a national habit, and I find myself almost falling into it."

"You're sure right, at that," he said; "I continually find my mind hurrying ahead of my work in my effort to get all I can out of the day."

"Yes," I replied, "and do you know that there is no better way to destroy your speed than what I may call a lack of mental synchronization?"

I have seen this condition in hundreds of men and women. It robs them of poise, of assurance, of force, of the power to carry conviction, and it comes mainly from the injurious effect of the popular conception of time flying, passing, going away, being wasted, whereas time stays and all the movement there is we supply.

Having spoken of wasting time, we may now look at the other side, using time. It really is quite funny when seriously considered. We can use a saw, a hammer, a watch or a clock, but we cannot possibly use time. We can, however, use ourselves, and if we proceed to do that, and that only, to the fullest and best of which we are capable, we shall get better results than we can by making a fetish of an antediluvian expression that has persisted through the ages, because we think so inaccurately.

It is very many years since I gave up thinking of time by such funny signs as squares on a bit of paper or figures on a dial. Quite often I am not sure what day of the week it is, and recently I found that I had advanced Christmas day a week and, even at that, I was not sure whether it came on Thursday or Friday.

Time to me, I repeat, is "all one block." It is all around me and about me, even as the atmosphere, and even so I use it. I no more hustle and rush and strain to get some "sands of time" that may slip away from me than I go gasping round for fear of some atmosphere slipping away from me. Time consequently has stood still for me for twenty years and will, if feeling has anything to do with it, for another twenty years at least. I have passed the fifty mark. I am an active

tennis-player. I am looking forward to taking up golf seriously in, perhaps, another ten or fifteen years.

I am at present a member of the Sherwood Tennis Club, Chicago, where we have eleven courts within five minutes of the loop, and where you may find a hundred enthusiastic young players, as clubby a lot as ever I met. I finished last season second on the ranking list, and I do not make winning my chief object, as I happen to be honorary coach to the club. On one day I played six men, one after the other, and got away with it. I played thirteen sets, a total of 105 games. Then I went home and had a stinging hot shower and a cold plunge, several excellent highballs, and a good dinner. After that I felt that I would like to stretch my legs, so I went out and walked while I smoked two cigars, which would be nearly an hour, and enjoyed it.

Thinking it over next day, I thought that possibly there might be something wrong with me, that I might be like Battling Nelson, who said that he wasn't human, that he couldn't be knocked out—but was; so I went to a medical man and had a thorough examination. He said: "Blood-pressure equal to a man of twenty-five and heart absolutely sound. You can have $100,000 life insurance if you want it." So I went to another doctor and had another examination, and he said the same. Then I decided to be a little less strenuous; to cut out a few sets per day, for tennis is no game to be played to excess by anyone over forty.

Now, I am not inflicting these personal details on you to show you what a phenomenon I am. That would be merely fatuous. There is more in it than that, and, in these days of almost crazy "auto-suggestion" talk, I do not expect a very loud laugh at my expense. I have lived "young," and thought "young," and played "young," and with young people, mostly half my age, all my adult life. It just fell out so, because I could do it.

There is nothing more pathetic or contemptible than an old fool trying to kid himself and others that he is younger than he should be, and, perhaps, I am not, for I was started off by my forbears with lungs like bellows and the constitution of an ox; but I do believe that one's

mental outlook, especially in this matter of the fear of time, has a great deal to do with how one lasts. For, after all, how old is a man? It is merely silly if you give it thought, to label him by the numbers of squares taken off a piece of pasteboard. Then again, you have all heard the old saying: "A man's as young as he feels. A woman's as old as she looks." Sheer nonsense, my friends! I may feel like twenty-five, but if, as a devotee of Venus, Bacchus, Mars or Mercury I can only "deliver the goods" of *seventy*-five, who will give me credit for *feeling twenty*-five? So I have altered that saying to common sense. The modern version is: "A man is as young as he *does*, and a woman is as old as she *thinks*." The first part is absolutely sound. A man is counted on his performances. The second part, "A woman is as old as she thinks," is, maybe, epigrammatic, but is almost actually true. The vast majority of women nowadays think themselves into old age before they are young. If you don't believe me ask a follower of the late M. Coué. He will speedily tell you that woman's thoughts about time are simply poisonous, and after that the way will be easier, for all the women will have to say is, "In every way, on every day, I am getting younger and younger and prettier and prettier"; and if they do not notice a change for the better very soon, I shall write another article and expose the fallacies of my great and famous rival in auto-suggestion.

Perhaps the most harmful and widespread idea that is born of the wrong conception of time is the fear of death. It is, of course, no exaggeration to say that many people go through life in continual fear of death. This is so foolish as to be almost criminal. For all that we know of actual death, I die at least once every twenty-four hours, and I find it very pleasant. I go into that condition called "sleep," whereof we, in our colossal ignorance, know nothing. Some day, perhaps, I shall go to sleep and not awaken on earth. Is there anything very terrible in that thought? Maybe I shall only be slightly oversleeping. Is there anything very frightful in that idea?

The idea of death as an end and corruption, of decay and waste is poisonous. That is never in my mind. It is

not that I try to avoid the thought of death, for that moment I should confess fear of it. It is, it seems to me, that my life thought is so strong that the idea of death has no room. I do not say that this is right, but we know nothing really as to what life is. How presumptuous, then, would it be to assume that we know when it ceases! If anyone were told that he must be cast into a sleep for a month, it would not greatly terrify him. Nor would it if the term were longer, three months, three years, three hundred; and a three-hundred year sleep is near enough to the commonly accepted idea of death to pass without an argument.

What, then, is it that we fear in death? Merely, if we analyse it, that we stop, that we cease "to go on," and we do not even know that it is so. The fear of death is a spectre that should not haunt man as it does. I sincerely believe, and have, in some measure proved, at least to my own satisfaction and to that of those who know me, that I am growing stronger, actually going from strength to strength; and I am convinced that almost any man or woman, who will use the body, the temple of the soul, with the respect it deserves, can do the same, can grow stronger and better as they continue to use themselves well.

Let me give you a personal illustration which to me seems most apposite. I have told you of my strength and endurance on the tennis court and of having played over a hundred games in a day. Four years ago on those same Sherwood courts I played four games and was ill. I had to lie down. I had used my mind relatively too much, and had abused my body for years by neglecting to work it sufficiently. To-day I am ten years younger than I was then. I am giving this instance, known to many, as an illustration of the important fact that one cannot expect to take liberties with one's body and to counteract such neglect by much thinking of a cheerful nature. It is of the essence of true and helpful thinking that one's body shall be in good working order, and anyone who tries "to get by" on any other method is doomed to disappointment.

Some people may say that the absence of any thought of death, according to the popular idea of that change,

is merely a personal idiosyncrasy and that it proves nothing. Possibly this is so, but it is, at least, a constructive and helpful thought and a source of strength, and, so far as regards actual proof, it has at least as much chance of being right as the poisonous idea now prevailing, for we must remember the marvellous strides that science has made not only in eliminating disease, but also in restoring health and vitality to the wasted body.

Nor do we know, even if we accept as gospel current spiritual teaching, that our method of cessation from movement is always to remain the same, so that, it seems to me, the commonly accepted idea of death should be banished from one's thoughts even as it is from mine. I recognize, of course, as any sane man must, that some day, unless things are changed, I may cease motion here, but I cannot feel like it, and I never give it more than passing thought. This, I know, will be thought irreligious by some. If I may borrow an analogy from the world of sport, I shall take the much-talked of follow-through in golf. It is of no importance, except as an indication that the first part of the stroke was correctly played. If that has been done, the follow-through will be automatically correct, yet men worry much about it. So with our life here. If we play it well and truly as we go along, we need have no fear of death and the hereafter. That cannot then go wrong. Whatever it is, the result will be as natural and as automatic as the follow-through of the golf stroke; truth must follow truth, and ever will.

It may be, for all I know to the contrary, that the spiritual idea of an after life has so crept into my mind that I cannot think of any earthly happening as death. I cannot say. I do not know. I only know that in my thought is no room for death, because I think always of life, and life, and life, and I believe that it would be well for countless millions of those who think much of death to purge their minds of the poison and put there instead thoughts of life, living thoughts, that make for creation instead of destruction.

I do not want anyone to confuse my ideas with "fatalism," as it is so often called. This, unfortunately, is too often merely an excuse for laziness or vice, but, if one does the work to which one feels the call, to the best

of one's power and faith, one need never fear time or death.

I cannot express better than in two of Burroughs's verses, that have rung in my ears for many days, how little the idea of time affects me.

I stay my haste—I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave comes to the sea.
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high
Can keep my own away from me.

And what is *yours* shall know *your* face, and you will find happiness and rest, that cannot come any other way, if you will exorcise all thoughts of fear of time or death and think only of life and using yourself worthily.

And now for one last comforting thought. Forget any idea of time that shows a senile hirsute person in a dressing-gown fooling with an hour-glass or a scythe. That old masquerader ought to be in overalls and a cap, for if he has any function to perform, it is merely that of the switchman who will throw you over to the broader gauge.

The Car and the Level-Crossing

By W. H. Jacques

As a country doctor, Manton was getting a reputation and a wide practice. But he found time to visit his old friend Lessing, who had put the profits of success in the law into a charming, well-sheltered house in Loamshire. Lessing was a widower with two children. Jack was a robust boy of twelve. Jess, a pale girl of eight, was thin and peakish—"freakish," said Miss Faversham, the governess. Manton proposed to improve on this diagnosis. He could only stay a day, but he found time to interview Miss Faversham and to win Jessie's confidence. It was his casual but calculated suggestion that they should play hide-and-seek, and he made an exciting Duke of Dark Corners. He noticed that Jessie avoided what seemed a highly suitable cupboard, and with some difficulty he found out the reason. Later, he explained to his friend: "I will take Jessie to stay with me for a while. The governess has bullied her. She's ill mentally, and that reacts on her physically."

"Oh, you were always on the mental tack. I remember you well at college, always on the side of the ghosts, as if it were the next thing to being on the side of the angels. Miss Faversham stands no nonsense, and look how Jack flourishes!"

"Jessie is a different matter. You have hills all round you, closing in."

"It makes it very cosy."

"It hurts her. She has claustrophobia; I have found out that. Jack locked her in a cupboard when she was quite a tiny child, and gave her a lasting fear."

"I don't believe all that nonsense; I'm a base materialist. But the child knows and loves you, and you may be right. Take her for a while. Your wife's great at children, and has one of Jessie's age, I remember. But you, always studying the body and its definite ills—I heard of that great operation of yours—I wonder at your clinging to these mental fads."

Manton said nothing in retort. He wanted to get the child away, and he made arrangements for her to follow him in a few days, as he was saying good-bye.

"I'll get out the car," said Lessing, "as you must go. It's growing dark, and though we're not far from the railway station, there's no suitable train."

"I believe you. You were always a positive Bradshaw," laughed Manton.

They bowled along at a good pace till they came near a level-crossing.

"It's a little awkward there," explained Lessing, "a crossing and a tunnel so near that the train bursts on you quickly."

"Can't you see the smoke coming out of the tunnel ahead of it?"

"Oh, that comes out at all times. Depends on the wind. But I know the trains, and there's none about now; so we can go ahead."

As they approached the crossing, Manton burst out, "Good Heavens! Stop! Stop! I see a woman in the middle of the road. You'll run over her. Didn't you hear her cry, 'Stop'?"

"Nonsense! I heard and saw nothing. It's one of your ghosts again."

"But stop! you *must*." Manton spoke decisively, almost rudely, and shoved down the brake himself with all his force.

The car stopped with a jolt a yard or two off the crossing, confronted with a long train that burst out of the tunnel at great speed.

"Good God!" muttered Lessing, turning white and dropping his hand off the steering wheel. Then he continued weakly: "There's no train at this hour."

"A special," jerked out Manton. "Aren't there races somewhere about to-day?"

"Of course, the Red Hill meeting; you've saved us both."

"Not I, she."

"Then you really saw some one?"

"I did, and heard the cry to *stop*. Yet we did not run over anything, and she stood with a warning hand uplifted right against the car."

Lessing felt that an untruth from his friend in such a moment was impossible. "There has been trouble about the crossing," he admitted, "and I heard vaguely of a death there some while ago, but had forgotten it."

"You'll build a bridge over, or get one built," replied Manton earnestly.

"I will. I can easily afford it. I feel quite differently about it now. And perhaps you are right about the child."

"She needs a change," said Manton simply.

Being English, they said no more.

. . . . . .

Eight months later Manton wrote to his friend. "The bridge is built, you say. Forgive my telegram about it. Splendid! And Jess is splendid, too. Come over and see her and our *new housekeeper*. The distance is nothing for your new car."

The car was smooth and swift, and Lessing arrived in good spirits. When he saw Jess, she seemed a different creature, a dashing and confident child, assaulting him with all the vigour of her brother.

"Fine open country here," explained Manton, "and Jess laughs at the rows of medicine bottles. A bit breezy, perhaps, but it suits her."

Both the men smiled significantly. Manton did not belong to the irritating and widespread I-told-you-so family.

"But," said Lessing, "what have I to do with your housekeeper? You underlined her in your letter—an odd thing for you to do at any time. She may be pleasant and competent enough, of course, but——"

"Come into the study, and I'll tell you a story. Some months after my visit to you, I was out in the country, called for a second opinion—curious case, but I won't bother you with that. After we had finished with it, my doctor friend said, 'You ought to see our monomaniac. She's a widow, quite a sensible woman in other ways, a good hand at various work, but she's losing all of it. Every day at dusk she runs into the middle of the road and cries, "Stop!" in an agonized voice. The neighbours don't like it. I doubt if she's

fully conscious of what she does; she is like a sleep-walker. A mental case, quite in your way. Would you care to see her? It's not far. I can get nothing out of her which would explain her behaviour.'

"'Certainly,' I replied, 'I am very interested.' A thought struck me—a strange coincidence."

Lessing nodded.

"So I said to my friend, 'By the way, is she tall with red hair and a prominent nose?'

"'Why, yes, she is, except that the red has mostly turned to grey. You've seen her before then?' he asked with surprise.

"'Once, perhaps,' I replied slowly.

"She proved to be the living representative of the phantom who showed up in the lights of your car and saved our lives. She was the wife of a porter killed in shunting operations at your station; and then one day, when she was busy, her child wandered on the line at the crossing and was killed by a train. After that, she had to move away, but she felt a desperate need to warn people at dusk, the time her child was caught. You remember I sent you an urgent telegram to ask if the bridge was begun. The knowledge was meant to soothe her."

"And did you tell her that her daily warning was not always idle?"

"I did. That was part of the cure. Here she comes. You can thank her; Jess owes a lot to her. And if you care to say anything about that evening, it will not disturb her now. We found a purpose in her mania and annulled it. She has to thank us, too."

A Dragon Laughed

By E. R. R. Linklater

With grateful feeling for romance
And medieval circumstance,
A dragon came beneath the brown
High walls of old Duke Baldwin's town,
Blew puffs of flame that palely shone,
And with his tail beat clamour on
His scaly flank.

The bursting petals of the flame,
Flushing and fading, left a drift
Of umber smoke; and echoes came
A-rumble round the hollow lift
Of hard blue sky,
Snarling again among the roofs,
And died reluctantly.

"Alack," the Duke's good people said,
"Another virgin doomed to wed
This glutton of fair maidenhead!"

A bell tolled slowly from the Keep,
And townsfolk clattered up the steep
Rough cobbled paths, and through dim alleys
With clattering rush and startled sallies
Towards the Inner Gate—
Old soldiers with brown battered faces,
Fat merchants, monks with shaven pates,
And smiths with leather aprons,
And overflowing matrons
With breathless haste and gasping paces;
And wide-eyed maidens pant and run
Too conscious of the flower that none
Has plucked—or tried to pluck—
And barking dogs, and children struck
To their bewildered hearts with noise.

Then, silencing the buzzing folly,
A trumpet sang with golden voice,
And old Duke Baldwin came.
"This prankish dragon," he said slowly,
"Once more has come to claim
His seven-yearly sacrifice,
And where's the virgin fair enough,
The fairest maiden maid enough,
To buy our ransom at his price?"

"Ettarre," they said; and "Melicent";
And "Maulfry of the Raven Hair,"
Some said; and some were ill-content
That these were judged to be most fair
And virginal, but forfeited
Their rightful fame for charity.

"Let Maulfry and Ettarre," he said,
"And Melicent come forth while we
Debate of beauty."

Then "Melicent!" they cried, and "Where
Is Maulfry of the Raven Hair?"
"Ettarre!" they shouted, "There you go,
Ettarre!" and swaying to and fro
The justling crowd pushed round about
Seeking within its depths the three
In danger from virginity.

Now some short while before, without
More help than their bright mirrors lent,
They had anticipated this—
Maulfry, Ettarre, and Melicent—
And smiled most sadly, being cursed
With such a fatal loveliness.

"'Twould break the mother's heart who nursed
Me to such beauty," Maulfry cried,
"Were I to die a dragon's bride!"
And "Shame," thought Melicent, "that I
Should so have kept my purity
For a green dragon's squandering."

A DRAGON LAUGHED

Ettarre sighed softly, sighed " Heigh-ho !
No lovely young thing dies in Spring,
When birds sing and white roses blow."

So Maulfry cropped her raven hair
To guard her lovely innocence,
And trusting to a bold boy's stare
Donned page's hose for more defence.
And Melicent sought forest shades
Where valiant lions roam the glades,
Knowing the beasts are pure in heart
And reverent of virginity.
For many days apart
From rude humanity did she
Live in a long-dead hermit's cell,
And nightly stretched before her door,
A gentle panther watched her well.

Only Ettarre lived as before,
And her grey eyes
Watched peacefully, without surmise,
Old Farmer Time cut golden corn
Each evening in his sunset field.

But now, with danger near at hand,
And Melicent nor Maulfry there,
Nor rival maid to comfort her,
She feared at last to be forlorn
Alone with that fierce dragon, and
Her voice, as she appealed
For mercy, stuck choking in her throat
And would not set two words in place . . .
Was that red cloud that seemed to float
Far off, the old Duke's autumn face ?
And that his voice, that booming tune
That roared in her dead mind ?

And then a sob struck through her swoon :
She went, with all that crowd behind,
Old roads that now looked white and new
Down to the Gate, across the moat,
And out to rolling fields of grass.

And now she was alone where blue
Flower-trumpets challenge all who pass,
Marauding bees, and butterflies,
And lads with lovers' watchful eyes.
And courage came back on the wind,
She laughed, and left her fear behind—
"No lovely young thing dies in Spring,
When roses blow and small birds sing."
And by-and-by she came to see
Coiled underneath an almond-tree
The great green Dragon watching her
With topaz eyes that never stir.
"God speed," he said, and coughed a flame,
"And, of your courtesy, your name?"

"Ettarre," she said, "but—" "No buts here,"
Replied the Dragon with a leer.
"A virgin's buts are puff-balls blown
Against a dragon's heart of stone."
"Ah, but—" she said, and in his ear,
(Though no chance listener was near),
She whispered, shy but confident.

The goggled amber of his eyes
Reflected his irate surprise,
But when she told how Melicent
And Maulfry found their comfort marred
By scarlet hose and watchful pard—
All to avoid a Dragon who
Was famous for his chivalry—
Why, then he laughed most heartily,
And shook to think how one must show
Her legs to all the town, and t'other
Have not a soul to show them to
Except a pious lion or so—
And to recall the modest ruse
By which Ettarre escaped such pother,
(The ruse, too simple-safe to fail,
She planned with young Sir Paravail),
The laughter quickened down his sides
To ebb and flow like tiny tides
Among the wrinkled, changing hues

A DRAGON LAUGHED

Of his broad back; laughing outright
The green and turquoise of his hide
Became a scaly ridge of light,
Of glimmering amethyst and jade,
And flashing emeralds displayed
A thousand facets to the sun.
And ere his joy had well begun
He twisted hard his knotty tail,
For ease and stiff security,
About the almond-tree.
So as he shook with gorgeous mirth
Pink petals fluttered gaily down,
A fragile storm that beat upon
The lustre of his giant girth
And all the quivering earth.

* * *

Hey-day, Sir Paravail!
Coming from the foreign war,
He was told a merry tale
Of the Dragon and Ettarre,
How the one had burst his spleen
(Laughter tore him up and down),
And Ettarre had richly been
Hailed and honoured as the saviour
Of the Duke and all his town.

Hey-day, the girl Ettarre!
Who shall judge a maid's behaviour?
Scarcely had they two been wed
Than Ettarre was brought to bed
Of Paravail's young son.

Now you know her modest ruse,
Safest that a maid can choose,
When she sees what perils lie
In beauty and virginity.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

Mussolini

"These blooming Communists," said Heddle, "are going too far."

"They always did," replied Sergeant Murphy.

"Getting paid by Russian Bolsheviks to do this country in. What we want is a chap like Mussolini."

"You wouldn't want him long," said Sergeant Murphy grimly. "The Great Fire of London did a lot of good, they tell me, but you don't want wan iviry day."

"No, Heddle," he continued, "what's wan man's meat is another man's poison, and the same about counthries. We can solve our own problems and we don't want anny heaven-sint jaynius to run the counthry for us. We've been at the game too long ourselves."

"You don't think much of Mussolini, then?" asked Heddle.

"I haven't wan word to say agen him," replied the Sergeant, "but I don't think his free style would commind itself to the type of people we are.

"Mind you, he's done good work among the Italians. Everybody says that the thrains are up to time, and that the workmin are workin', and that the lad that steps off a bus whin in motion is rammed into jail without his feet touchin' the ground. That's all to the good, and more power to his elbow. Did ye see that whin that lad that was supposed to have thried to shoot him was picked up they found fourteen knife-stabs in him? Well, every wan to his taste, but whin I'm crushin' me way into the Tube at night, I'd be none too happy if I thought that all the fellahs I throd on carried daggers. So maybe the Mussolini touch is best for people that are inclined to be impulsive in their homicides.

"As for the man himself, I can't make up me mind. He's a sthrong man—I'll say that for him. There he is—wan agen forty millions, because you can't rule people

unless you're different from thim. He's the head of the Governmint, also the thrunk and limbs. He's a whole Cabinet in himself. He runs the Army with wan hand and the Navy with another. He audits the Post Office and sets the programme for the broadcastin'. And nobody in Parliament asks him anny questions. It's not healthy for thim. He thrails the Italian coat around his part of Europe and cordially invites the Turk or the Greek or the Juggo-Slav to thread on it. Now and thin some of his Black Shirts, havin' dhrunk too deep of his heady oratory, make an offinsive gesture towards France, and only the good sinse of the sons of Gaul keeps thim from goin' through Italy as the divil wint through Athlone.

"As a result, Italy has been livin' for years on thrills, and it's Mussolini has to supply thim. That's the dhrawback to bein' a dictator. You've got to keep on dictatin'. There's no goin' back.

"Maybe he's right. Maybe liberty is only a theery. Manny a man is happier whin he has somebody to ordher him about and do his thinkin' for him. And whin the boss is such a pathriot that he resints the sun movin' away from Italy durin' the night and is often timpted to thry his hand at a Joshua stunt, the public don't mind his ridin' roughshod over thim.

"That's why Italians who think they'll climb the Swiss Alps on their holidays are told to think again and this time in terms of the Italian Alps. That's why an Italian walkin' along the sthreet in an English hat is apt to have a piece of a roof dhropped on him. That's why a man has to have eyes in the back of his head in order to see every Fascist emblim and salute it.

"Maybe, as I said, it makes the Italians happy. But how long will it last?"

"He's done good to Italy anyhow," said Heddle doggedly.

"After the Cambrai battle," said Sergeant Murphy, "whin I was smashed up, the medical bloke gave me sthrychnine—wance."

Contrasts in Comedy

By Horace Shipp

Yellow Sands. By Eden and Adelaide Phillpotts. (Haymarket.)
The Gift Horse. By J. B. Sterndale-Bennett. (Everyman.)
Cradle Song and *The Lover.* By Sierra. (Fortune.)

WHERE there's a will there's a play. Twice in one week have we completed the circle of interested parties waiting while family lawyers opened the surprise packets of stage wills. If those of us on the hither side of the proscenium arch have not shared the family shock, it is because long practice has accustomed us to expect only the unexpected. Indeed, were I the prospective legatee of a dramatist, I should know that only the vilest behaviour and a life of dissoluteness or deadly insult of my potential benefactor could ensure my heritage; and I still have hope that one of these gentlemen will outrage his family's feelings for no greater reason than that I have been consistently rude to his work. To turn, however, from the vagaries of life to the certitudes of art, we have an instructive contrast in the conventions of comedy between Mr. Phillpotts's play and that of Mr. Sterndale-Bennett.

The story of *Yellow Sands* is simple enough. Old Jenifer Varwell is eighty and rich. Eighty being a good dying age, she gathers about her her relatives (first-cousins-all to the characters in *The Farmer's Wife*), sums up the value of their birthday protestations of affection, and leaves the bulk of her property to her nephew Joe, who, being a Communist of the most emotional variety, has spent his life making everybody extremely uncomfortable by the recital of his doctrinaire sentiments. The reading of the will works the customary havoc. Hypocrisy is unmasked, virtue rewarded, deserts given, lovers guided into each other's arms, and Joe ceases to fulminate against both marriage and capital, and accepts his fate as one of the deserving rich.

The Gift Horse shows also a group of expectant legatees, waiting the reading of old John Periplot's will, and trembling with anxiety lest Janet, the daughter who had been turned out of the house twenty years before, should reappear and reopen the scandal of her existence. Of course she does; and, of course, the will (read before

the funeral, for Periplot has been in a Swiss train smash, and they are waiting the coming of the body) is entirely in her favour. The author scores his first curtain by bringing John himself home safe save for a cracked crown. His irate relatives try to make him alter the will, but are confronted by the difficulty that he is semi-insane, albeit he certainly is trying to remember something wrong with the will. Janet is slowly finding favour by her willingness to renounce her legacy when the play gives its second surprise by the discovery that in fact the old gentleman has nothing to leave. The consternation of this news among the financially desperate relatives, the offer of Janet to rescue them by gifts of large sums from her fortune amassed as demi-mondaine, and the gradual quietening of their qualms of conscience form the last act of this bright comedy.

A young man's play, Mr. Sterndale-Bennett's work has faults of construction and technique, but it shows a delightful sense of comedy and situation, and—granted the conventions of the modern outlook—a power of characterization. It was those conventions of modernity against Mr. Phillpotts's Victorian ones which formed a tempting comparison in my mind. *Yellow Sands* is a feast of chestnuts; *The Gift Horse* a cocktail in the modern manner. De Sanctis has said that humour is an artistic form which signifies the destruction of limitations with the consciousness of that destruction. So Mr. Phillpotts, defending the bourgeois virtues and amusingly destroying the limitations which new thought would impose upon natural acquisitive man; so Mr. Sterndale-Bennett, attacking the bourgeois virtues and with equal felicity destroying the limitations of the respectable conventions. By strange paradox both have an admixture of truth and falsehood. Mr. Phillpotts's Socialist belongs to *Comic Cuts* rather than the Communist Party, and shares this origin with his comic drunkard, his comic maiden ladies, his comic religious lady who treats this world as a vale of tears brightened by meals. Cedric Hardwicke's brilliant performance as the wise toper, or Amy Veness's as the lady with an interest in both worlds, bring these caricatures to stage life; but the maiden ladies are figures of pure farce, and the propagandist in Mr. Phillpotts has

made sawdust of his hero save in one exquisite comedy scene, when he commands his village Ophelia to a nunnery because happy love and a million unemployed are incompatible co-habitants of his too-altruistic mind.

Mr. Sterndale-Bennett's characterization is, in the main, more real. It belongs, however, to what one might term the pro-prostitute convention, wherein virtuous people have thin lips and thinner lives and vicious ones have good hearts and better bank balances. This reaction against the "fallen-woman" attitude is becoming a little *passé;* and although Mrs. Warren has set the fashion for believing that the oldest profession in the world is paid according to seniority, there are again signs of recognition that something remains to be said for a virtuous life. Athene Seyler and Mr. Bromley Davenport, as the erring daughter and the encouraging father, keep the play delightfully alive, and even while we are doubting its premises, the comedy and wit do not fail us.

Where the piece does fail, and where Mr. Phillpotts's equally jolly comedy fails, is that the characters are too obviously manipulated. They wear their characteristics like so many dresses wherein their respective creators have clothed them. We find ourselves doubting whether, in truth to her own nature, the joy-loving Janet would renounce the world, the flesh, and the Deauville to nurse her sick father, even though she commenced the task with double whiskies for two; and equally we doubt whether the people in *Yellow Sands* would accept so easily the paths proscribed by Jenifer's last testament and Mr. Phillpotts's first draft. Great comedy depends upon great character drawing, and action which springs from character.

It is, indeed, a study in contrasts to include Sierra's sadly-beautiful little piece, *The Cradle Song*, under the title "comedy," for even though it be his own definition, it is wellnigh impossible to consider in the same category as these English pieces this delicately-woven story of the foundling child in the convent, the loving care of the nuns, and the eventual departure of their charge. Because it is real and lovely, and stirs something deep in us, we welcome this work by the Spanish dramatist to the English stage.

Books

FICTION AND CRITICISM

SOME GREAT ENGLISH NOVELS: STUDIES IN THE ART OF FICTION
By ORLO WILLIAMS. Macmillan. 8s. 6d.

THE new books of to-day have the "spirit of the age," presenting dominant ways of thinking and acting which appeal to everybody. As Ovid says:

Laudamus veteres, sed nostris utimur annis.

It is natural to regard old books as old-fashioned. But we can do more than praise them; we can read them with the assurance, seldom suggested by modern books, that the best of them deserve a permanent place in literature. And, being beyond the vexed questions of the day, these classics have acquired a serenity, as of fixed stars compared with the flaring lights of the market-place.

How many readers understand them and get the best out of them? This is the task Mr. Williams has made easy in his appreciation of great books by Fielding, Jane Austen, Dickens, Thackeray, and others. His criticism is of the sort everybody can understand, and it shows excellent knowledge and judgment. The humour of "Martin Chuzzlewit" is always worth dwelling on, and Thackeray's lack of gusto, though he was a master of English incapable of Dickens's over-emphasis, is one of the things which have put him out of fashion. Yet how good is "Pendennis," especially the Major, to whom Mr. Williams has done full justice! But was the young man at Oxford? Read "Oxbridge," with a stress on the latter part of the word, since Thackeray went to the other place. After the brilliant 'Varsity chapters, the pace may seem somewhat slow; but these older books are leisurely and fit for a long winter's evening.

Fielding inserted in "Tom Jones" general lectures to the reader; Thackeray continued the habit on a reduced scale; and William de Morgan padded out his pages with tedious comments as an excited amateur. We cannot count him among the "great," though Mr. Williams has praised him rightly for special gifts. We end happily on Edith Somerville and Martin Ross with the assurance that there is more than fun in their delightful books.

V. R.

THE KNOT OF RELUCTANCE. By BARBARA GOOLDEN. Philip Allan. 7s. 6d.

THIS is evidently a first novel by a young author. She is new to the art of authorship, but she seems to have the right stuff in her; and if she is not spoilt by some distracting influence or too rapid success, she may develop into that rare product, a woman humorist. Her dialogue is enlivening and her knowledge of the London servant quite uncannily cute. But like most young ladies of to-day, she thinks alcohol can be absorbed in only three forms—the cocktail, champagne, and whisky and soda. She should be introduced to a Romanée Conti of 1906, or a Haut

Brion of 1911. Her next novel might then rival "Many Cargoes" or "The Inimitable Jeeves." But whatever it may be, we look forward to it with much interest.

BEFORE THE BOMBARDMENT. By OSBERT SITWELL. Duckworth. 7s. 6d.

REMINISCENCES dating from the time of the Boer War suggest some maturity of temper, but the peculiar Sitwell gift to art lies in recognizing the quality of the adolescent mind. Here, therefore, we have a picture—over-elaborated with the ruthless antagonisms and vivid scorns of youth—of all that is meanly pompous and stupidly selfish in a group of self-important old women in a seaside town. Mr. Sitwell embroiders upon a small and delicate theme, enlarging a short story motive to the proportions of a book by digressions, animadversions, and fine writing. The result is an almost incredible profusion, lighted by flashes of wit and surprisingly vital analogy, but too often the length is tedious. The central thread of the story is the discreet antagonism of a lady companion to some pushing folks who claim relationship to her wealthy old employer. This self-protective gesture frustrates her own hopes of inheritance, through fear of assisting theirs, and leaves her in the end penniless. Of this Mr. Sitwell could have made a delicate irony, but he has chosen to bury it in a mass of amusing malice, flippant and cruel commentary.

THE RIVER FLOWS. By F. L. LUCAS. Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.

MR. LUCAS is a distinguished critic of poetry, and this is his first novel. So we cannot be surprised if it is crowded with literary reminiscence, almost too full of epigrams and clever things. The story deals with the usual triangle—two young men and a woman—and is told in diary form with a few letters thrown in, which might seem a disadvantage. But Mr. Lucas has used a loss of memory in one of the men to admirable purpose, thus keeping the inevitable revelations, when all seems over, in suspense, and the diary suits the introspective hero. There are several attractive descriptions of Greece, and the atmosphere is always one of superior University culture. The book might have been the better for a few Philistines by way of contrast, but it is, as it stands, a remarkable exposition of the young intelligentsia of to-day, eloquent enough on its likes and dislikes, but "wandering," with the old controls and safeguards lost,

> between two worlds, one dead,
> The other, powerless to be born.

The war at the end claims the diarist, whose last incomplete sentence closes on the name of his love. He was to be great, his friends thought, but that could never have been, unless he grew up to wider views, and more belief in himself and the world. He and his set were desperate introverts, far too apt to "think brainsickly of things." This is the malady on which Mr. Lucas

Cassell's Christmas Gift Books

Fifty Years of Parliament

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has put an unerring finger. His book for those who can appreciate it is a subtle and brilliant performance.

FOR SONS OF GENTLEMEN. By KERR SHAW. Dent. 7s. 6d.

THE author imagines a school which is an old foundation and shows its failure because it will not take in scholars of humble birth. Though it lives on tradition, it has forgotten the purpose of its founder, and developed a social snobbery which is oppressive. One of the chief characters and sufferers is a man who has to pay a large sum to become a housemaster and gains nothing substantial by it, being always loaded with debt. This business of catering, which is the usual means abler masters have for advancement, is not at all pleasant, and generally the author puts forward his propaganda effectively. We are rather surprised to find Straye College provided with so much professional help in cricket, more than was considered necessary at one of the leading public schools some years since. Its position is peculiar, because being at first on the outskirts of London, it gets gradually surrounded by the buildings of an increasing population. The figures of the story are well done, and a good surprise is managed at the end concerning the master who provides unsparing criticism throughout. Evidently Kerr Shaw knows the schoolmaster's troubles and trials.

HISTORY AND MEMOIRS

FIFTY YEARS OF PARLIAMENT. By the EARL OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH. Two vols., with eight half-tone plates. Cassell. £2 10s.

LORD OXFORD is one of the fortunate authors who can serialize their work shortly before its appearance in a book; and on the whole he deserves this privilege. His choice of phrase and way of seizing the points of a personality are notable, and he is a scholar who values oratory. He writes as one who has tried to revive the dignity of Latin quotation in the House, and he preserves classical quips as well as sonorous eloquence.

His period is from 1868 up to the beginning of the war, and his chronicle has a frank Liberal bias. When he comes to his own time as Premier, he makes the best of everybody. We read nothing of incompetence in Ireland, or that strange and fatal ignorance of German designs in 1914. A captain of a team is in an awkward position. He cannot very well point out where men still living disappointed him. It is a relief to find no revelations to speak of, after the orgy of tedious vanity which the numerous war-books produced. A good deal is said about the punitive legislation against the House of Lords; but the Trades Dispute Act, which established the tyranny so far-reaching to-day, secures only a casual mention.

The notes on Parliamentary catch-words are of special interest; and we find a record of various talk by the ever-ebullient Gladstone, whom history is likely to recognize as living too long for his reputation. Lord Oxford talks of his "confused and confusing" way, yet calls him "the most consummate Parliamentarian of his own or perhaps of any age." Lord Rosebery, who did singularly little for his party, was one of the greatest of phrase-makers. Lord Balfour, like Gladstone, sought rest and rejected it for several more years of Cabinet work:

> "Repose," as the career of these two distinguished men proves, is a relative and flexible term.

We gather that resignations made in haste by politicians are numerous and gladly forgotten. The first view of Mr. Lloyd George reveals him as "a natural *frondeur*, and already an acute and accomplished debater," who gave trouble on the Welsh Disestablishment Bill. We are glad to see some strong words about the miserable and meagre sum available for Civil List Pensions. It appears that Lord Oxford in 1908 offered a pension to Swinburne.

While there is ample comment on the period in Lord Morley's "Gladstone" and other volumes, Lord Oxford's gifts of selection and style make his book good reading. It is not history—we shall have to wait some time for that—but it is decidedly attractive.

BOOKS

FANNY BURNEY AND THE BURNEYS. Edited, with introduction, by R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON. Illustrated. Stanley Paul. 16s.

IF there be Janeites, there be Fannyites also who will welcome this miscellany for its novelties.

We begin, after an agreeably candid introduction, with passages omitted when the "Diary" and "Letters" were published in 1842. Fanny Burney's account of the examination and prize-giving in 1802 at Madame Campan's famous girls' school at St. Germain is an excellent bit of descriptive reporting. Many readers will be charmed by the sketch of Hortense Beauharnais, the seventeen-years-old wife of Louis Bonaparte, rushing about the school, of which she was so fond that she still came there for days together to share the lessons and games. Was ever a finer advertisement? She then bore the character of being "a perfectly good young woman, without any species of art, coquetry, pride, or love of dissipation." Throughout these pages the writer's husband, "Mr." D'Arblay, appears as a quiet, unassuming person of no particular consequence. In Paris, he had not the same chances of incompetent horticulture that he enjoyed in Surrey.

Fanny is absurd about the "improper." At a French theatre she was so much surprised by the apparent absence of indecency in the costumes that she thought it "but right to notice" that she was "horribly short-sighted." When she had visited an agreeable French household, she "could not refrain from exclaiming 'How English is all this!' for they appear to live a completely happy as well as virtuous family life." Her successful avoidance of a meeting with Madame de Stäel, whose morals she detested as much as she admired her earlier books, is less open to criticism than her severance of relations with her devoted friend Mrs. Thrale on that lady's marriage to Piozzi. It may be noted that the authors respectively of "Evelina" and of "Emma" both shunned a meeting with the author of "Delphine," if for quite different reasons.

Every schoolgirl knows—or may one day—that Macaulay described Fanny's later style of writing as "the worst that has ever been known among men." Mr. Johnson suggests that "the exasperating Johnsonese of her later books was in part put on for stage effect." If so, it was in worse taste than anything she witnessed on the Paris stage.

In the deeply affectionate—and voluminous—letters of Fanny's sister Susan, included here, nothing is more attractive than the many references to Norbury, her little boy, whose place as the darling of the whole Burney family seems to have been justified both by his nature and his appearance. At the age of twelve he made a paradoxical remark, with obvious reference to his father, which will find echoes in many reflecting minds. "There is a person whom I dislike more than anybody I know in the world, yet I love him exceedingly."

The illustrations include many portraits, and several reproductions of drawings by Edward Burney, the artist cousin, who shared the family prudery.

In any future edition such little editorial errors as "The Earl of Ferrers" (p. 5), "The Rev. Disney" (p. 121), and "This family memoranda" (p. 400) may be amended. Other mistakes, chiefly in languages, ancient or modern, which occasionally occur may be credited to the Burneys.

W. H. HELM.

SAMUEL BUTLER AND HIS FAMILY RELATIONS. By MRS. R. S. GARNETT. Dent. 10s. 6d.

ANYTHING new concerning that original man, Samuel Butler, is sure to interest, and here Mrs. Garnett investigates the merits of the family which provided the material for that bitter book, "The Way of All Flesh." She shows clearly that Butler's father, the Canon, regarding him as a lost soul and doubting his literary ability, always treated him badly, while his sister Harriet was so ferociously orthodox and domineering that she made any real reconciliation impossible. The other sister, May, was much more human, but far too Churchy for Butler. The literary efforts of the family are pleasant, but negligible. Butler, as Mrs. Garnett admits, behaved quite well throughout, and it was not by his wish that his vitriolic book was published while his sisters were still living. It presents the "bitterness of pain" for a peculiarly sensitive man, and Mrs. Garnett does justice to its importance as a document. It is far more than a mere family chronicle. She herself makes no claim to intimacy with Butler, but has probably perceived that, if her main purpose is a defence of the family circle, interest to-day is confined to the one brilliant member of it. The others may have been dear, good people in their way, but they are not more striking than dozens of clerical families who never thought of, and never deserved, the preservation of their lives and activities in a book.

JOSEPH CONRAD AS I KNEW HIM. By JESSIE CONRAD. Heinemann. 6s.

A DIFFICULT book to write, but carried through with perfect tact and perfect simplicity. Such is one's main impression after reading these hundred and fifty pages wherein Mrs. Conrad gives the world an intimate portrait of the great writer, and, incidentally, of herself. In her own way she seems to have been as unique a woman as Conrad was a man; for, after Carlyle, he was, apparently, the next most difficult author to live with. However, there were compensations. It was exciting and interesting to share in the adventure of his career, to mother this remarkable man as well as their two children, and, as one would imagine from the sustained nobility of his writings, Conrad brought loyalty and devotion to a union which lasted for close on thirty years.

His irritability and peculiarities, his absentmindedness, his absorption in his work are well illustrated in this narrative. He was a great sufferer from gout, and his service on the Congo had made him liable to recurrent attacks of fever, and, combined with this, he had his full share of the Slavonic and artistic temperaments. Sick or well, he must at all times have been what is known as "rather a handful." He read in bed by candle-light, and on several occasions nearly set himself on fire. "It was a great comfort," writes Mrs. Conrad, "when he had a house with electric light. Three times I have known him stand with his back to a gas stove and only move away when the back was burnt out of his dressing-gown." He finishes a book, and while Mrs. Conrad is in the garden, "the window above me," she writes, "was thrown violently open and Conrad thrust his head out. His voice was hoarse, and his appearance dishevelled. The gardener lifted a scared face. 'She's dead, Jess!' 'Who?' I asked, suddenly feeling sick. 'Why, Lena, of course, and I have got the title: it is "Victory."' He flung his cigarette out of the window and muttered the injunction: 'Don't come near me. I am going to lie down.'"

Throughout we get the impression of a restless and prodigious worker with little other interest in life than the books by which we know him. M. Jean Aubry is preparing a full biography of Conrad which will reveal those earlier years that are so sonorous with adventure. Mrs. Conrad gives us a picture of the voyager come to rest. It is well done, human, intimate, sometimes a trifle malicious, yet always aware of the greatness of the man who was her comrade through so many momentous years.

A. K.

THE ROAD TO THE TEMPLE. By SUSAN GLASPELL. Benn. 15s.

FEW more vivid biographical pictures have been painted than this by a distinguished dramatist and novelist of her husband, who died some time ago at Delphi. He was a man who, living every moment of his modern life as student, farmer, dramatic artist, in the United States, lived simultaneously under the fascination of the classic past in an unusual degree.

Many of those who will be deeply interested by the history of the Provincetown Theatre, of the origins of Mr. Eugene O'Neill's plays, and of others by Miss Glaspell herself, or her husband, will no doubt share the astonishment of the colleagues who asked the author if that husband was insane. He abandoned the theatre in the very moment of popular and financial success, because, in his opinion, such success was the strongest evidence of the failure of his artistic aims. But others may delight in the story of the life at Delphi, where he died, and be able to understand that he was never more himself than when he left America for Greece.

The author, in her "foreword," says that she has "not shielded or spared, proudly feeling I did not need to," and that her subject "was great because nothing could kill in him a sense of wonder." She justifies both her claim to frankness, and her joy in her husband's zest for life—intellectual, physical, and spiritual.

While we may appreciate her unreserve, we may yet regret that a man so capable of possessing and expressing fine ideals should have found frequent pleasure in ignoble ideas. Surely, in the ancient Greece which he so deeply loved, none of her great sculptors, having first modelled (as he did) a grossly erotic group, would have amused himself with the fancy of casting it in bronze, and burying it so that, in after ages, archæologists might "arrive at conclusions" concerning the morals of his contemporaries! Thus, through his biographer's sense of justice, we learn how he strove to express, as we may say, the mind of Casanova through the art of Canova.

Nothing in the book is more admirable than the pages devoted to the entire life of a black-and-white collie, but for which the account of the Greek mongrel (which seems to have been innocently responsible for its master's death) would have been even more attractive than it actually is.

The many jottings which Mr. George Cram Cook (the subject of this book) made at odd moments of his leisure, his letters, posted or never sent away, and the poems after the manner of Whitman he often indulged in, lend a strong flavour of autobiography to this truly remarkable book.

GENERAL

TRISTRAM SHANDY. By LAURENCE STERNE. With illustrations by ROWLAND WHEELWRIGHT. G. Harrap. 25s.

THIS edition of a classic is creditable to all concerned. The text is carefully printed in large, clear type, on good paper, with wide margins; and the binding is pleasant to regard. The novelty is the sixteen coloured pictures, for the appearance of which warm admirers of Sterne's masterpiece may, in the light of some recent "illustrative" assaults on classic fiction, have looked with considerable apprehension. They will find reason to be easy in this matter.

Many artists have turned to "Tristram." Hogarth was, we think, the greatest of them, some of his designs appearing in the edition of 1783, while the best known effort is Leslie's painting of "Uncle Toby and the Widow," now in the Tate Gallery.

Mr. Wheelwright's pictures not only evince real appreciation of the book, and study of furniture and costumes, but they also present human beings, never fantastic "decorations." There is an absence of crudity in his colouring which to zealots for modernist artistry will appear old-fashioned, but which is

altogether in keeping with the agreeable realism of his work. None of the pictures is more successful than the candle-light scene showing Trim and Susannah in anxious converse.

TALKING. By J. B. PRIESTLEY. Jarrold. 5s.

MR. PRIESTLEY'S contribution to a series of essays known as "These Diversions," is charmingly got up. His subject, "Talking," is one which lends itself admirably to that elaboration of elusive daintiness and that licensed exquisiteness of presentation which make the essay a thing apart. None the less, even as in an affidavit, its absolute opposite, truth will out, and must, therefore, be in the writer, and with Mr. Priestley's conclusions most good talkers will feel inclined to agree. Particularly timely and wise are the reflections on talk between the sexes, which so late an authority as Stevenson held to be impossible; but she who shortens her locks (and her skirts) widens the boundaries, and let us hope that the Utopia of talkers as opposed to chatterers and lecturers—that exquisite isle of speech of which Mr. Priestley dreams—may be coming into existence in spite of noisy mechanisms and strong, silent men. At least this delightful apology for real talk and talkers should help to such a consummation. It is the first of a series edited by the author, which includes several attractive writers and subjects.

DIGRESSIONS. By STEPHEN COLERIDGE. Mills and Boon. 5s.

This is a pleasant, rather slight book, the work of a fine spirit, which feels the horrors and vulgarities of to-day. Mr. Coleridge is not taken in by flashy paradox, and does not like the slipshod style which allows of misquotation, bad grammar, and sheer ignorance of English. On such themes instruction is badly needed, especially when it takes a simple form free from pedantry. Discussing the permanent in literature, he says it has to come from the heart, which reminds us of Lord Morley's comment:

> You know the French saying, and a fine saying it is, that great thoughts come from the heart—to which I am always adding a little rider that is apt to scandalize my friends. "Yes, but they must go round by the head."

It is a comfortable reflection that the "adulatory biographies of notorious persons still alive" are not likely to last, while bright and shallow invective is equally fugitive. It is easier to pick holes than to mend them. The reversal of popular ideas of Queen Elizabeth and the great Lord Chesterfield will be endorsed by those who have studied their lives. Theobald, as Mr. Coleridge points out, has suffered unduly in reputation as a Shakespearian commentator, but all real scholars of English know his remarkable and universally accepted emendations. The overpuffed Warburton was badly trounced by Thomas Edwards in "The Canons of Criticism." Time sifts reputations, and we incline to the

dictum of stout old Bentley, "Depend upon it, no man was ever written down but by himself."

The little paper on "Words" is suggestive, but surely "Halcyon" goes back to Greek. Johnson's fanciful derivation of "poltroon" is no longer accepted. "Officious," which is noted as a laudatory word in a poem of Johnson, was used by Shakespeare in both a good and a derogatory sense.

A NATURALIST AT THE ZOO. By E. G. BOULENGER. Duckworth. 10s. 6d.

MR. BOULENGER'S latest contribution to zoology is of a popular sort, and should prove a delight, not only to frequenters of the charming gardens, but also to the great mass of the people who visit them to see animals they have learned of only in printed or pictorial representations. The book meets one obvious criticism of the Zoo. It will go far to dispel any idea that its inmates, owing to their confinement, are little better than animated masterpieces of taxidermic art. As is shown, careful study of their habits and actions has revealed traits impossible to verify in the wild state, as well as a striking facility in adaptation to a foreign and abnormal environment.

Mr. Boulenger provides numerous anecdotes which, while not neglecting the more popular animals, should awaken interest in many which have hitherto received scant attention. Further, he gives us knowledge of the doings of some of them which is unattainable owing to their nocturnal proclivities.

The thirty-four pages of clever studies by Mr. S. R. Brightwell add to the attractions of the book.

THE FARINGTON DIARY. By JOSEPH FARINGTON, R.A. Vol. vi (1810–1811). With Frontispiece and 12 other illustrations. Hutchinson. 21s.

FARINGTON was, indeed, indefatigable, and wrote on steadily at an age when most men are thinking of retirement. Though his main themes are the intrigues of the Academy and the fortunes of painters, he includes in his wide survey a number of odd and interesting things. He is great on doctors and diet, discovers a ghost which told about title deeds and a solicitor, and is not above national statistics of the country's advance. Like a true Briton, he gives a very unfavourable account of Napoleon's appearance. The volume includes a holiday tour in Cornwall and Devon which produces several noteworthy reflections as well as descriptions. Farington visited Kynance Cove, which is among the finest pieces of rock and sea in England, and found Methodism guilty of producing much madness. The painter Haydon had a disordered mind and often behaved strangely, but his services to art are recognized by Farington. We wonder where his "Dentatus," once regarded as "an extraordinary performance in historical painting," is now.

The Spirit of Christmas

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